

Jul 6 1673
Stoobim Boyes: *H*

Or Some

OBSERVATIONS

ADVERTISEMENT
Upon the

*The Reader will take notice that it is
the Author's intention to publish
the English and Latin
translations of which these
various editions are
now published in
large paper I happened upon the Book.*

HUMOURS of Writing
Rehearsal of Translated

— & Hanc Veniam petimusque de
maius vicissim

OXON:

Printed in the Year 1673.

28

2100 pmi Roger :

Of Some

OBSERVATIONS

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Reader will take notice, that it is the Second Impression, the Renewed and Transpos'd to which these Animadversions are directed, for as many much curious of such things, it was the lately that I happened upon the Book.

HANC Vetusism betwixtque de



Printed in the Year 1673.

(24)
SOME OBSERVATIONS

Upon the Humor of Writing

Rehearsal's Transpos'd.

TO begin with your Title! The *Rehearsal Transpos'd*. It intimates the Author has imitated the *Rehearsal*, for which you think good to make a *Play* of the Author. It rests therefore to be examined, whether He be *Wiser* in a *Preface*, or you the *fool* in the *Play*.

I come to the bottom of your Title Page—At the sign of the King's Indulgence, on the South-side of the Lake of Lemane, and sold—In Chancery Lane. Amongst the Lawyers? will it sell best there? Why, you don't think the *Lincolns Inn*, and *Temple-wits*, will take the *Rehearsal Transpos'd* for a *Case of Alienation*, or

*Observations upon a Preface for A
 Book of Reports. Upon my word they
 don't like your Jesting with Playes
 so near them. Somebody may Tran-
 spose Ignoramus shortly at this Rate
 too, and, then, who knows where
 the Stone may light at last? As for the
 Lake of Lemane I'll suppose it a Stand-
 ing water, and so may Tarry till I
 come to it again by and by. Then
 I shall examine its Situation, and see
 if there be a North, or a South, or a
 Blind Side belonging to it. But, —
 At the sign of the Kings Indulgence:
 'Tis true, He hath given you one,
 but I don't think He looks upon it
 for civilly or indeed craftily done of
 you, to be at every turn Quoting Blim
 on this fashion for it upon Needlest,
 or Buffoon occasions: You know in
 Scripture such and such things were
 permitted the Jews for the Hardness
 of their Hearts. Should they now
 ever and anon have been Rallying
 Moses for his Condescensions: had they
 not as good have told him in Plain
 Hebrew*

Hebrew that, the *Hardness* of their
Hearts had been too *Hard* for Him ?
 But, to the *business*.

Your book *begins* (for a lucky hit
 with a *Dilemma* you say you have
 caught the Author in of his own ma-
 king; For, if he will not accept his
 own Charge, his modesty (say you) is all
impudent. Call you this *Catching*
 him in a *Dilemma* ? Pray, what's the
 meaning of *Impudent Modesty* ? Is your
Design to *Convince*, or to *Pose* us ? We
 are *Modest* people, and shall remember
Alonzo Tiveria as well as we can, but
 we would not be put altogether to sub-
 mit to your *Arguments* by believing in
 your words. We cannot always (as you
 desire) expound a *Pillar*, or *Explicate*
 a *Post*: besides, one would think
 you had been told often enough of
Particular & Universal Round Quadran-
gle, that a man ought not to talk like
 a *Ninny-hammer* but when it were
 evidently *Courteous* and *Gent*, or *Tu-*

ant, or Great. But if this be still a
Dilemma, thou art the *unluckiest Dis-*
sputant in the world; for thou
 pretendest to argue for *General Liber-*
ty, and concludest for nothing but
meer Lutheranism: for *Impudent Modesty*
 is the very *Doctrine of Consubstantiation*. Yet happy, happy thou! (since thou
 must needs *Transprose*) hast had the
 fortune to light upon the *Rehearsal*,
 for, since people will be so idle as
 (at first dash you see) to ask, what sig-
 nify's *Impudent Modesty*? Thou may'st
 there find an *Answer* which no *School-*
man but *Bayes* ever light upon, and,
 may'st tell them, *Nay pray Sirs, have*
a little patience: Godsookers you'll spoil
all my Transprosal. Why 'tis impossible
to answer every impertinent Question
you ask. But, for all this, I know
 his Majesty does not intend his *Tole-*
ration shall extend to *Nonconformity* in
Sense also: and therefore, for this
 time I will tie you to that *Ceremony*
 of the *Church of England*, as to *Speak it*,

But, to proceed: you *hoped* (ay,
 and

and I dare say would have lost your
ten pound wager on the Condition)
 that He, nor *nobody* else would have
 written any more in behalf of the
King of England's Rights (for all your
 being sure you had the *Keys of Trans-*
profang;) but he hath, that there are
Grounds for Fears & jealousies of Popery.
 And pray, are there not? Since the
Popish Interest (as your self make anon
 appear) is *founded* chiefly upon Keep-
 ing the people in *Ignorance*; and some
 of the *wisest* of them are so *Ignorant*
 already as to talk of *Impudent Ma-*
desty; yet if such kind of *Terms*
 seem *necessary* for the *Ends* you use
 them, then *Oh too frail Reason* that
contradicts Transprosal! But let's see,
 what is the *mischief* the *Author* is going
 to do? To *trick up Bishop Bramhal* in
 a *yellow Coif*, and a *Bull's Head*? What
 sense the *Author* can be said to *trick*
him up in a Bull's Head in, I confess, I
 do not understand. But, your *Con-*
ceits are all so *easy* and *familiar* that
 I am confident you mean something
 by it. You

You fall next upon the *unfortunate Invention* that *Printing* has proved to be, *That Villanous Engine* the *Press* and *Reformation* being invented much about the same time. Pre'thee leave fooling, and tell us what thou art. *Fear* the whole *Reformation*? *All* that are not *Romanists*? I have heard there was a certain *Counsellor*, that when he had pleaded a long while the *Judge* asked him, who he was for, *Plaintif* or *Defendent*? But, thou makest *Our Case* worse; Thou abusest thy *Clients*. At this rate we must wish you would write exprels in defense of *Papery*, for the credit of the *Protestant Religion*.

But you say, 'Twas happy when all *Learning* was in *Manuscript*, & some little *Officer* like the *Author* kept the *Keys* of the *Library*: I doubt you'll find him a great *Officer* by and by, and the *Poor* of his *Preface* so well kept, that it will be past your *Skill* to pick the *Lock*.

Lock. And, there was a time (another happy time) when the Clergy needed no more Knowledge then to read the Liturgy.

(The Wound was great because it was but small)

Th'adst been a Bishop needed none at all.

Nor the Laity more Clerkship then to then to save them from Hanging. 'Tis Sung, you might let point of Clerkship alone, having been your self sometime beholding to it: But, no more of that.

You say next, the Mischief of Printing is, that, now if a man write a Book presently he is answered: Here you must give us leave to distinguish betwixt Transposing and Answering. 'Tis plain some Persons are presently Transposed, but we can't perceive that any of the Principal things they say are Answered.

Next,

Next you fall upon *B.* and *L.* and call them *Publick Tooth-Drawers* (no doubt you mean *Printing's Tooth-Drawers* :) For *Publick Tooth-Drawers* signifies no more then *Tooth-Drawer*, and were *Tautology*, like *Publick Shooe-maker* or *Publick Cobler*; now you do not mean they are *literally Tooth-Drawers*, for that would spoile the Sense of your *Allegory*; wherefore you have *mistaken* your self, and these things when *B.* and *L.* meet with, They *expunge* or *stop* them: and then, They are indeed (in your sense) *Printing's Tooth-Drawers*.

But, *the Dutchman* (you say) *ought to have been contented with a Wine-press*: Had it been a *Churne* or a *Cheese-press*, you had said something; but if there be scarce a *Bunch of Grapes* (much less one *Vineyard*) in all *Holland*, why should the *Dutchman* be so contented with a *Wine-Press*? would you serve him as the *Wench* serv'd her *Master*,
and

and onely shew him *Le trou par ou a
passe son Vin?* Or, do you think (be-
cause he loves a *Dram* of the *Bottle*)
that every time he was fuddled he
would imagine it was a *Sluice*, or
some newer kind of *Engine* to defend
His *Country*.

But now, we come to a horrible
business: The Author had said (as
Transprosa tells me) that He was employ'd
about matters of more comfortable impor-
tance. Now this *Comfortable importance*
(says *Trans*) was one of three things,
(*vide*) and that which he pitches upon
of the three to be it, is a *Female*: and,
when he has done (like a *Wise Acres*)
He makes nothing of it. There is onely
an impudent *Barbarian's* way of be-
ing good *Company*, in the *Paragraph* that
speaks of *Brücher* being down: *Pam*,
There is a thing in our Land, and it is
known by the name of *Pitch*: this *Pitch*
(which you shouldst know) defileth: So
does the *Style* thou writest. Did *Hodi-
bras* talk thus when he said,

The

*The Modern's hence approves
The use of Rosemary in Love.*

But I see your Talent does not consist
in Talking. Rosemary, but in *rayling*
at Bayes, for which you will never
deserve any of *that*, but, A great
deal of Rosemary for your pains.

And now I am come to these
words: *But He (the Author) knows not
which way his mind will work it self.*
This Expression sets *Trans's* head
so a working, that you would think
it would never have done. He *works* a
Quarter of the *Rehearsal* (especially,
poor *Volscius* for doubting whether he
had best pull on *rather boot*, or leave off
work) almost off of it's legs. Sir *William*
D'Avenant but offered to speak of
warm weather, and He makes him
Sweat for't, and *Sydrophel* for being
a piece of an *Astrologer*, He's resolv'd
shall never have good luck after.

Why;

Why, This is *Whipping Tom*, and ten times worse then the *School-Master of Paul's* he talks of: for He——
Takes up all their Mayle-Pillians. Then, in *conclusion*, he ownes that his Friend *J. O.* (after such another *Dispute*) had prevailed with himself, and, much against his Inclination, to Write too. So that *Boys* did but imitate Him: Though *Trans* had not done like *Trans* (it seems) if he had Omitted (as far as in him lies) to make ridiculous all the *Three*.

But, all this is but hanging forth a *Picture*, and sounding a *Call*. Now step in, for the monster himself begins. He comes to Mr.——*Preface to Bishop Bramhal*. Take notice only by the way that a *Headshut* will serve a Monster for a *Crupper*, & you pass on to the next Room where you shall see one asking leave to call the Author *Boyes*. I don't find that any body gives it him, so he ventures to do it of himself, but,

but, for *several Reasons*; and, they are the best that ever I heard.

—He has no good faculty at being brief and tedious; therefore (to save *Tyring*) the sum in short is this: He begins to apprehend that his Wit and Invention may fail him, and therefore thinks necessary to provide himself early of a *Nick-name* to take breath withal against he comes to be *Faded*. Just (methinks) like *Bartholomew Cokes* — *Who sat in the Stocks Numps*, Ha! Who, with that one word only *Rehearsed* again and again absolutely *ranspros'd Numps*. But if this does not give satisfaction, he will derive his *Authority* (which *Resolute Bas* would have scorn'd now) out of *St. Thomas*, who (says *Trans*) says, that *not only Governors, but any thing else, may give Names*. Sure, *St. Thomas's* words (for I have him not all without Book) are not, [or any thing] for every thing (for example a *Goose's Quill*) can't speak; but, any Per-
(on

~~son may give Names:~~ Well, be it Per-
 son then. Why though any person
 may Give, he does not say, they may
 Call Names. Now if I am mista-
 ken, pray when you have leisure to
 reward me for my pains. Call me any
 thing so you do not call me Spade.
 However I think it is by this plain,
 That such Mistaking and Perverting
 Sophisters as you ought not to be suf-
 fered to read the Scripture, nor in-
 deed the School-men neither. But
 now, to the Master of London-Der-
 ry.

And first, (that his Testimony
 may pass with the less prejudice a-
 gainst he comes with a whole Roar
 full of Eloquence to describe him) he
 begins with telling you that, He had
 formerly collected a deep Reverence for
 him, but He has now parted with part
 of the pleasure he enjoyd in thinking
 well of Him, yet still He recreates
 himself with believing, that his sim-
 ple Judgement will make no bays, but the
 worse

worse of Him, and we recreate ourselves friend (I doubt this Book will teach me to talk *affectedly*) in believing so too. But, since He is not dead, I am the more obliged to repair in my self whatever Breaches of his Credit, by that *Additional Civility* which consecrates the *Ashes of the Deceased*. Heaven bless us! what have we hear? You talk of Bayes the 2d. and a lascivious and effeminate Style; Why heres a very Syrrup of *Additional Civility*, besides Orice-powder of the *Ashes of the Dead*. However, if this Syrrup and Powder will make a Cement to repair the Breaches of the Bishop's credit, I am satisfied. *Toleration*, is that a Reward for such an Orator? Why give him but a Trowel to help Imboss and fret the Flowers of his *Rhetorical Mortar*, when he *Apologizes*, *Panegyricks*, or *Transproses*, and I'll undertake He shall deserve a *Resignation of Merry Andrew's and Puccinello's Patents*, and to have all *Lincoln's Inn Fields* and *Charing-Cross* to himself.

But

But I must dispatch, for I see He's making *Paul's* work on't already, and Heres as many Leaves almost as there are *Windows* and *Doors* in *Salisbury Church*, and all to prove, That the *Bishop* was a weak man, and had an unseisable Design. I beg your pardon; not all to prove, for most of them indeed do but as good as repeat one another.

But, before we proceed with the *Bishop*, He must have a fling at *Bayes*; and then, He will upon the *Bishop* again, and after, (if one Bawble or other do not come in his way) at *Bayes* again, as before: So that I can hardly tell when I am answering, or, wherefore, or, for whom. For he manages this whole Discourse just like *Jack*, that was left at home to roast the *Goose*; When he was turning the Spit he remembered he had the *Spit* in his hand, and when he was run to stop the Barrel, he remembered

membred he had left *Dogs* in the *Kitchen* : But, betwixt both, with his extraordinary *Diligence*, and care of every thing, when the Company came from *Church*, there was neither *Meat*, nor *Drink* left for *Dinner*.

Well, this *Bayes* we are speaking of having found the *Bishop* for *bravery*, *Travis* says he should have furnished him with a *Sword* like *Bishop Odo's*, which was like an other (*Irish*) *Clergy-man's*, which was as like a *Nut-Cracker* (for — it Crack'd men clad in *Steel*) as the men that were Crack'd (as he tells me that is crack'd) were like *Nuts*. It is there describ'd however (that the *Bishop* might not mistake it seems) as large, in four *Wild-Irish* (I think) *Verses*. He might as well have took,

By His side he wore a long Pa-
rade,
And of his Sword full trenchant was the
Blade.

Out of Chancer (for they are better) but, I believe he durst not look to him for fear of meeting with the *Plow mans Tale*.

But let a man behave himself how he will with his *Whineard*, He gets no *Commendations* of *Bayer*, but upon two *Conditions*. That he *dye*, or be of his *Party*. Which I think is as much as to say, that He *rejoyces* at nobodies *success* that is against him, nor will *Preach* at nobodies *Funeral* till they be *Dead*. But when he does, He will do it for *Exploits* which He will take out of the *Knight of the Sun*. Why *Trans*, is every thing that is *Heroically* done applicable to every Body? Suppose you were *past* that which you may *chance* to come to; I mean, suppose you were *Dead*. If I should say,

*Living He fought like Mad, or Drunk
For Dame Religion as for punch.*

Were this Commending the *Author of the Rehearsal Transposed*. It is not, it is not; They *abuse* you only (and so you ought to *understand* it) whoever (dead or alive) does but offer to Glance at you with such an *Expression*.

But *Bayes* gives the *Bishop* such *probable Elogies*, that He had *dyed* the death of *Secundinus* if the *swelling* of Truth would have *choaked* him: Why *Trans*, art thou *mad*? if the *Elogies* were *not true*, what Hurt would the *swelling* of Truth have done *Bayes*? but if they were, how horribly is all thou hast said *swell'd* with *Lies*? But I perceive you think it would have been *dangerous* if you had done otherwise. Truth might have *choaked* you. Nay then I'll never blame your *Ravelling* at them both: *Defaming* the Church, and pretending to be *only* for *Toleration*; for, I would have no man *Guilty* of his *own Death*. But passing this, what *News*? Why, while

Bishop

Bishop Bramhal was doing Fours in Ireland, *Bishop Usher* busied himself in Grubstreet about Modern Orthodoxy. I acknowledge this Expression to be nice and smart; But I understand it not originally your own: What the *Bishop* busied himself about, was Refuting pretty ancient Error. So you endeavour by applying it here to abuse at once but the *Bishop*, the *World*, and the *Author*.

But is there no more? Yes, *Bayes* represents *Bishop Bramhal* like *St. Christopher*: who, though as big as ten Porters, sweats under the burthen of an Infant. Why then he means your Book: Which though it every where sufficiently discover the Infant, yet the Title above all shews the Child could not so much as speak plain.

But to be serious: *Bishop Bramhal* (you say) endeavoured to make a Catholick agreement amongst the Churches of Christendom: Why are not you now endeavour.

*deavouring to make every body (if
 you could) Nonconformists? But it
 was a most presumptuous thing to think
 he could persuade and fascinate (are
 these two all one? then all you per-
 suade are bewitch'd.) The Roman
 Church, which by a regular Consti-
 tute of Policy hath interwoven itself
 with the Secular Interest, and made it
 self necessary to most Princes: and at last
 erected a Throne of Infallibility over the
 Conscience. Now I perceive whom I
 am to speak to. Why, Mon Pere,
 hath she shew'd any more Policy than
 other Princes who have lost half what
 they had? But she hath made her self
 necessary to most Princes. You do not
 mean sure so necessary, that they must
 let Her serve them in spite of their
 Teeth.*

*But she has erected a Throne of In-
 fallibility over the Conscience: Dost
 thou take this to be the first of April
 when (they say) folks send fools of
 Errands? We have searched the*
Pope's

Pope's Person for this *Infallibility*; but we find him ever and anon asking *Places*, or *New places* of his *Conclave of Cardinals*. They best give the way to a *General Council*. Lastly, your Writers say, *It is in the Body of the whole Catholic Church*. I can liken that Journey to nothing so much as the *employment one finds in a Fortune-book*: Where the first *Chance* sends you to the *Philosopher Pythagoras*; He bids you *Go to King Priam*, and He to *King Pipin*; at last you come to the *Oracle*, and when a man is there, He is told perhaps He shall have two *Wives*, or else his *Wife* will carry off her *first Child*.

But because I would be perfectly satisfy'd before I ventured to deliver my opinion of this, I went to *Lydy*, and desired Him if he could, that He would give me some *Information*. So he told me, there was one indeed that was of such a *Stature*, such a *Complexion*, pretty well-spoken, *grievous long-winded*,

minded, and he was indeed a person
 that was (Bating Errors) infallible
 But as for the Alteration which you
 say you think God hath signified in
 what means he will accomplish it by,
 is a sly Insinuation, and the answer con-
 sists only in taking notice of it. But
 the Bishops project remains, still as
 likely to go on as yours. And whereto
 you ask if he had hammered the Rom-
 nish and Protestants into one Calash-
 on Church (that's Quibble round)
 How then shall the people do for Bibles
 Since the Bishop would not have unques-
 tioned people read the Scriptures. Why
 they might have Bibles of the Down
 Translation, which look like Bibles en-
 ough to satisfy them, yet are (you
 know) clear another thing. Again,
 you bring the Church of Rome to ob-
 serve our weakness, that we should
 think of uniting our Neighbours, who
 can't agree together at home.
 Why, and we (if you will have it)
 observe Her too in the same kind.
 That

That she should send her *Missions* to
the *Indies*, *China*, and the *An-*
tipodes, affecting a *Government*
over *Nations* so remote, that she
must direct her *Dispatches* To our
dearly beloved, &c. In *Aethiopia*, their
Children, or *Grand-children*, for a *Ge-*
neration or two must die at least before
the Letter can be delivered. Other-
wise as to our own *Differences*, I'll
tell you one piece of my mind with-
out your giving me cause. And that
is, I confess I think it a simple thing
for *Frogs* and *Mice* to fall out till
there be no *Kites*. But forsooth, the
Ceremonial Controversie amongst us
can be defended by no *Arguments* but
what are fetch'd out of the *Popes Arsenal*.
We don't desire to defend the *Contro-*
versie, but to end it. But would the
Popes Arsenal be so kind? Poor *Ar-*
senal! 'Tis pity it was not better
stor'd with *Arguments* against *Pillars*
too, when the *French Ambassador* was
lately us'd there with so little *Ceremo-*
ny. But thou mak'st the strangest Piece
of

of the Pope, that keeps his Arguments
in a Castle, and his Artillery in an In-
horn. Rather then have betrayed
this, the Church of England should
have defended themselves with their
old Arguments out of Scripture still
they would (had I been you) but
I would have told them where they
may have better.

But now we come to that that is
material indeed, and highly necessary
I promise you for States-men to
consider, that is, whether if the De-
sign of Union had gone on, England
would not have undertaken a Voyage to
Civita Vecchia? Truly the Bishop was
much overseen in not thinking of this
for, if the Pope loves Eggs in New-
dine so well (as you say) for his mar-
rings Draught, (whose person you shall
not find me speak so unreverently of
while he is a Great Prince,) no doubt
Rome would presently have turn'd a
Roadstone, and England a piece of
iron, and (lying so commodious for Navigation)

gation if the *Alps* would not have
come *hither* (as you say is probable) have
failed over them. And happy then
 would have been for us rather to
 have been tempted abroad at *Way-*
ping, and sold by *Good Spirits* to *St.*
Christopher's or the *Barbadoes*; yet as
 if *Rome's Throne* were not infallible, or
 both *says* and *reason* insufficient for so
 short a *Cut* you say, besides the debates of
 that there is a better way of tampering to
 bring men over that have a power to con-
 clude. Admit your *Tribe* have that
 way, are you such a fool to confess it?
 You bring a fair suspicion upon who-
 ever obliges you.

But the *Church of Rome* has so
 much more wit then we had in *Bishop*
Branham's days, or seem to have yet
 learned: Whom do you mean here by
We? if you mean your self, and your
Nonconforming Brethren; truly *We*
 the *King and Church of England* have
 nothing to say against it: and they
 are beholding to you. But if you
 mean

mean by *We* that have not learn'd *Wit* yet, all that are not Non-Confessors: It is a *Joke* upon *Tolerance* made by your self, being your gift, return to his Majesty for it.

But, the Bishops design was *Alas* though p. 36. (I must make riddance of you, nothing but the same again and again? This is *talking upon Beads* rather than *Transposing*) seems He had not the Art of *Tampering*: Yet, pag. 38. Doubtless he was a good natur'd Gentleman (your Reasons are better here than those for *Bayes* Name) but yet He dwelt in the middle Story with *Pots* above, and *Smoake* below, (p. 39) and so could not expect (his Imagination was so good) to enjoy his Imagination, without the Annoyances incident — to *Additional Civility*, & so forth: On my word this is a shrewd imputation to the Bishop, That He liv'd in the middle Story. However it seems his Servants had a good time on't, for below were *Pipes* and *Tolerance*

on, above were *Pots* and *Toleration*.
 While the worthy *Master* (like a liv-
 ing *Emblem* of the *Church* he was a
 Member of, whose sober, yet decent
Government, equally receded from
 the Clownish *Devotions* of some who
 hardly serve God with *Civility*, and
 the near *Comical Fantastickness* of o-
 thers, sat with *honor*, but without
Pride, calm, and compos'd, in the
middle Story. But what *Temper* in a
Prince, what *moderation* in *Govern-*
ment can ever satisfie People, who
 (when you have said all) must be
 protected as well as indulged, and taught
 as well as list'ned to, if that which
 best answers all ends, suits with both
Interests, must be scorn'd, and ex-
 cepted against, our *middle Story*? But,
 I see where the Shoe most pinches,
 The *Smooke* being below, and the *Pots*
 above, we have neither *Drink* nor *To-*
bacco, and so, can bid a *Non-Con-*
formist welcome if he should come
 to our *Chamber*. You have some rea-
 son I confess to be little *Zealous* for
 these:

these. For as there is nothing more
illustrates the Doctrine of Non-Resistance
than a Pipe, so no Arsenal affords more
plenty of Arguments, than a Fort in
Liberty.

You proceed, yet though the Bishop
prudently undertook a design which he
hoped not to accomplish in his own days.
It was some Judgement however to
measure the difficulty of an enterprize.
But thou art hoping to accomplish a
Uniform inconformity by the meer as-
stance of impudent modesty. I doubt
that will be a pretty while a doing
too, wherefore you had better sum-
have kept to the Pot of good Ale,
which so soon can be swallow'd, for

*Et ac neque sum asquam, nec possum esse
profecto.*

But now, breath a little, here's
some variety. He falls upon Bayes
again, and for what do you think?
Not for saying, He had parted with the
pleasure

pleasure of thinking well of Him; cal-
 ling him *craz'd*; and undertaking
 Churchmen, saying He dwells in the
 middle Story; Or, prudently laid a design
 he hoped not to live to see accomplished:
 but, for dishonouring and abusing the
 Bishop, ~~where~~ Where a Honor was the furthest
 from his thoughts, and whom he used for
 a striking Horse. I render my Cause
 (as the Sword men would have it) for
 fear I should not be credited. He
 taxes him farther with being se-
 vere to the other Reformed Churches:
 Still, he does not call him *Ugly old*
Wannan; nor challenge him, of his
 being false to his own. Then
 comes your *Pat-applications* out of the
Rebels; at again, of which there are
 and will be so many, that the Play
 will seem rather *Transcrib'd*, then
Transpar'd. Now he calls *Bayes* the
Spiritual Dray-Gill; Sir over Hungary,
Transylvania, Bohemia, Poland, six
 Countries more, and many more
 (besays) besides, and a great part of
 England too. Of all whose Reards

He will make his *Comfortable Importance Simarrs*. Truly *Trans*, as to his being *Draw-een-Sir*; I say, for England what if he be? Hath not your Rome one too for Italy, Spain, France, Purgatory, Germany, &c. that would be so for Hungary, Transylvania, Bohemia, &c. a great part of England, and the rest of it, and all but the *Margin* of *Mercator's Map*? yet, I hope not to make *Simarrs* of their beards. Though, by the way, *Simarrs* might do well to leave shaving; there be any Jealousie, hair is employ'd to make *Comfortable Importance Simarrs*: Nay, and then the Women may make themselves *Fig-leaves* of it too (for ought I know.) *Trans*form me that.

As for his being *Penitentiary Universal* to the other Churches, and *Buffoon General* to our own: For the first, that would be no *Employment* in this case; for *Conformists* don't need to Repent, and *Nonconformists* never do.

do! And for *Buffoon* — I see no reason but we may be permitted to write *Transproful's* as well as your self.

But now *Ware-hawk*! You say the Author took in a couple in Partnership to help him: Why then he's no *Draw-can-Sir* again. Thar's some good news for Hungary, Transylvania, Bohemia, Poland, &c. Now I remember me you have often borrowed of the *Gazette*. You have acknowledged the Debt. Troth being you are come to Condition, send them this Intelligence, and Pay them.

But these two *Assistants* (as you represent them) prove (like *Loiola* in *Ignatius* his *Conclave*, who was indeed the verier *Lucifer* himself) to be ten times worse *Conformists* than *Bayes*, if he had been *Draw-can-Sir*, (such another slip may un-Bayes him too, look to it.) For, they are as fit for his Design as those two that club'd with *Ma-*

humet to make the *Alcoran*, and by
 perverse wit and Representation, might
 Travestee the Scripture, and render the
 serious part (it seems you don't look
 upon it to be all so) of Religion con-
 temptible. Why, sure you han't deny'd one
 another fair Quarter all along *Gentle-
 men*, have you? I can't imagine
 what should provoke, or where He
 could learn this Language, except he
 had it out of the *Alcoran*, or learn'd
 of old *Joan*; nay then e'en at
 I faith; at your Mother you *Rogue*, you
Rascal, and let *Ursula* defend the re-
 hearsal for me.

He strikes immediately upon ano-
 ther, and perhaps a worse Shelf. He
 desires the World to take notice
 that he does not mean *Hudibras* to be
 one of these that had a hand in the
 ——— Book. Now have at you
 gain *Trans*. If you think the Work
 (but for your Advancement) won't
 think *Hudibras* had a hand in it, then
 for all this Copy of your *Comme*

nance) you do think your self, that it is an *Excellent Piece*: Or, if you think it a *simple one*, the Complement is worse to *Hudibras* that way: For why should you think the World would think (had they not your *Advertisement*) *Hudibras* had a hand in a *simple Book*? However you do well to endeavour to satisfy that Author, that (how blunderingly soever you understand your own *notions*) you intend him no Dis-respect; for though he has fall'n first upon *true blue*, you don't know but he may chance to make either *Ralpho* or *Ignatius* the Colonel next time, should he be disobliged.

Your next Expression of a *Daw-Divine* derides the *Faculty* (what needs that?) not the *person*. Can't you call whom you please Sir *Roger* without calling whoever is a *Divine* a Sir *John Daw*? One should make fine work, if as you compare a *Divine* to a *Daw*, I should compare the

Throne, or Chair of Infallibility to his
Nest: But

*Non tali auxilio, nec Defensoribus
his ists.*

And so, as to such scandalous and
dangerous discourse as this, I once
more take my leave of you, and bid
your Transprosership heartily fare-
well.

But the Author writes without a
Name or Imprimatur. Of the first
you might better have taxed him if
you had told him your own: and for
the other, I promise you I'll have one
now if I can get it. And since you
call the *Licensers Toothdrawers*, if he
that shall happen to oblige me in the
case, will give it me as I would have
him, instead of *Nihil reperio bonis mo-
ribus, &c. contrarium*, he shall say,

In signum that this is Sooth,

I bite it with my Gang tooth.

And

And that I hope will please you.

Here follows a whole leaf that belongs to *Ursula*; & so he brings you to *Astrologie*, & *Comets*, & says you can't by a *Telescope*, but you may with a *Microscope* see the Author in *Heaven-Inn*, *Calvins* head. I never saw any thing so like *Doll in her Fit*. Certainly the *Rabbins* and *Heathen-Greeks* are come at last — to teach the people of Great Britain; for these are *Stars in story* that none see nor look at. Poor *Calvin* indeed, that can't lie quiet in his grave, but must have somebody in his head, everytime that any body has a *Maggot* in theirs. But now to the *Bramble* and *Lake of Lemane*; I did not, nor no man alive I think would have thought, after all this Cracking, that you had caught the Author placing *Geneva* on the South side of the *Lake of Lemane*; but that he had said such a thing in some such plain and apparent manner, that no excuse could have been made, no gloss nor interpretation have palliated it: but upon taking

more heedful notice: for ought I see
 you do but quote Sir Thomas again.
 For all that the Authors words (by
 you cited) say is, *That a Bramble sprang
 up on the South side of the Lake of Gene-
 mane, — whose soyl was rank, &c.*
 Why must all the place either of Cal-
 vins birth, which he may mean by
 Springing up; or that he ever lived
 and taught in, needs be the Town of
 Geneva? You can't prove he was any
 Parish-child of the place, or house
 Premise (like some of your Brethren)
 in it, till he was fit for the Ministry.
 Now with your Critical people, *this*
will extract truth from falshood, go on,
ay but, said they; and Nay but, say we.
This was a cold conceit, and not enough
material; that's another it self.
 At last comes the main argument; *Gene-
 va hath turn'd her birth upon him.* Why
 though some men have turn'd round,
 you did not find they all fail'd to *Or-
 villa Vecchia*: no more does it follow
 that Geneva (except she skipt over
 the Lake) must change from North to
 South,

South, the place of her Relative Situation. Hence however he says a Good Wit might have deduced certain *Theses*; as first, that the Author design'd to make *Calvin and Geneva* ridiculous, (that's a dainty word.) Next, that he might have *Transpos'd* his Name, and turn'd Geneva to *Rearing Lions*. Thirdly, that the *Presbyterians* were spawn'd. (Gentlemen, take this for a *Warning* piece, if you are wise, look before you, and if you are men disdain the *Affront*.) Item, that the *River Rhosne* groweth *suber*, and that there are *Bears* in *Berny*.

Would it not burst any man now to be cram'd (like *Daniel's Idol*) with such *Pitch* and *Har* as this? Why certainly thou flingest these *Pagan Periods* (as I suspected in your fourteen leaves about *Bishop Bramhall*) ever and anon in our way; out of the same design that the *Turks*, (they say, will sacrifice a *Farlorn* of twenty or thirty thousand men, meerly

ly to blunt the edge of the *Christian*
Swords against they come to the
 Main Battell. Ile swear it works its
 effect upon me; for thou hast said
 shalt scape many an Observation that
 might easily be made, because I can
 dig and delve, nor write *Commentaries*
 upon *Tom Thumb* for my living. To
 pass therefore more of what you call
Mother Midnights Nuts, the next *trou-*
bled Period ends with your saying
The Author runs a Muck: why then
 would advise *Bishop Odo*, and *Bishop*
Munster, the *Bishops* of *Strasbourg* &
Colloigne, to girt on their swords; and
 poor *Bishop Usher* and *Bishop Bramhall*
 to get out of the way; for your *Bishops*
 are the onely people I find in danger
 when any body runs a *Muck*.

But the *Crocodile* (they say) weeps
 when a man is slain, though for his
 own Table; and this tender heart
 sobbs another whole Page for the *Cri-*
dit of *Calvin*; which (as he says)
 is attacqu'd by *Bays*: Then, he la-
 ments

presents the *Author's* own weaknesſes,
 and his being fit for nothing but *Bed-*
lam, or *Hagſden*. Then gives an
 account of his Education, and writes
 two Verſes more out of the *Rehearsal*,
 ſuch pitiful Ruſſ, and ſo tedious,
 that I muſt be excus'd; for if He
 has any thing that is pretty well ſaid,
 in relation to *Coffeehouſeneſs*, and *Di-*
ſturbe phanſie, yet all is ſo ill as it
 relates to *Judgment* that knows
 when it has done well, and ſaid e-
 nough, that I muſt leave (both here
 and elſewher.) the burthen of the
 Song to the *Reader*; and Him to find
 that it does its own work it ſelf.)
 After this the *Author* comes to
 Town, and gets one that lov'd *Dril-*
ling to his *Maſter* (if all *Maſters* did
 ſo, thou wouldeſt never get a place.)
The Author's Hypochondria, (where's
 your hat and your leg to *Hudſon*?)
 got up into his brain, and His head ſwell'd
 like — cene what you pleaſe. In this
 Family he walk'd amongſt the In-
 nocent Hens, lov'd toward their pen, till
 — He left them as Innocent as he
 found

found them; with which *Liberty*
nage he was so transported, that (there
 being much more of the same still)
 I wish all Fops at old Nick.

But *Lycanthropy* (I must take no-
 tice of that for the pain it cost me)
 He says the Author has contracted
 the Distemper of *Lycanthropy*, in so
 much that if there were any sheep here
 (to wit, in the 68 Page of the *Rehearsal*
Transpos'd) you should see him pull
 and sack. Now I tell you Auditors,
 that I have look'd in *Thomas*'s his *Di-*
ctionary, & I find *Lycanthropy* indeed a
 sort of melancholy humour with which
 the parties that are affected *Howl*,
 but that they believe themselves
 Wolves, is more than He knows.
 And I was the rather induced to mis-
 doubt it, because I suppose *Tran* does
 not think himself a *Plant-animal*; nor
 for all his repeating and imitating the
Rehearsal, really believe himself to be
Bayes. But to something else! Do-
 ctor, yet again? Well I see I

shall as usual as must

must have other *Tug* at him, for I would willingly shew you him in a *Telescope*, though I cant in a *Microscope* if I die for't, (He's too big already.) Dr. P. (I say) tax'd Dr. H. for having *New-fangled Divinity* (like yours) but, Created him *Doctor of Divinity*, or ours, *Bayes* is an Enemy to *Controversial skill*, or the *Calvinists*. Does he call them any where *Controversial Fishes*? *Bayes* persecuted *Germany*, taking it to be Mr. B. for which fault, if he should raise up *Bishop Bramhal's Ghost*, it would be angry (as it had reason) and rebuke him for it (he shews you how) in *Rime*. Then comes, once upon a Time, the *Guelfs* and *Gibbelines*, which of them were the *Nonconformists* in those days he can no more determine; then which of us here at home (you see He's none of Us) are now *Schismatical* then he says *Bayes* won't forgive Mr. B. nor (for all our Jestings) be *Penitentiary Universal*. Hey ho! Then, he blames him for *Preaching* upon nothing but that particular *Repentance*, which it seems he

he had chosen particularly for his Subject. He speaks of the Name of God with Reverence literally, but implicitly, wholly without it. Bayes is the first Minister that has Commissioned Rail against all Nations; but, take notice it is void, because it never was sealed by St. Thomas. Britches again: Spotten fumbling with them? What, art a Taylor? Marry pray — He ben't worse. Gentlemen have a care of your Pockets. Let folks fear God, Honor the King, Look to their Chimneys. There's Piety, Remarkable respect for his Majesty, and an End of the wittyest froth of five of his Leaves more. Skip soundly, and you come to a huge deal of Sport about F. O. and, the Letters of the Alphabet, Fighting through Squadrons of Mutes, Semi-vowels (does any man know what they be?) and Liquids. With these Bayes, he says, keeps himself in exercise, as Cats whet their Claws against they incounter Rats. He had heard of Elephants whetting their Teeth, but forgetting He is

not now talking of *Elephants Teeth*,
he says *Cats* *whet their Claws*. They
do not, they do not: They onely *claw*
the *Hangings* sometimes to stretch
themselves, as I am assured by a *Lan-*
cashire *witch*, that was One.

Now pick what letter you will, &c.
but I'll swear I am ashamed to let any
body know (when this was the *En-*
tertainment) that I stay'd longer in the
Company. Wherefore, to pass quiet-
ly (without noise) as I can by such
Dull nuts as *Io Pan*, *The Focus of*
Burning Glasses, (I meant to *Jeer*, but
I see, I need onely repeat him,) *The*
Stars smiling, and the *Fountains warb-*
ling; nay, and *Tom Triplet* too;

— *Quis enim tam datus ut in Te?*

We come now at last to be told
that *F.O.* (He hath serv'd this whole
Campaigne for, betray'd the *Enemies*
Design to the *Rats*, and tormented
the poor *Letters* worse then the *Ar-*
ranteft

rankest Dance that ever made *Acrostick*, *Telestick*, or *Anagram* that I say (though, like his Cousen *Bartholomew*, *Trane* could not pass by any shop, but He must be buying) was not the Person *Bayes* intended, but the King. Now, it begins to work. His Majesty before his happy and miraculous Restoration. How, if you had begun thus? Scarce had the ruddy *Aurora* risen from the Bed of the aged *Titan* when, &c. But please your self. Only, I would not willingly be tyred at the very beginning of a Speech. We sent over a Declaration of his Indulgence to Tender Consciences; but before the Toleration, which is now pass'd, came out, *Bayes* put out his Ecclesiastical Policy, in which, the Grand Thesis, upon which He Stakes the Fates of Princes, and Conscience of Subjects (to pass by your fiddle faddles) is This: That, it is absolutely necessary to the Peace and Government of the World, that the Supreme Magistrate of every Commonwealth

wealth should be vested with a power to Govern, and Conduct the Consciences of Subjects in Affairs of Religion. This (say you) being the Magisterial and main Point, the rest of his Assertions may be reckoned as Corollaries, without which it can never be justified.

First, I confess I never heard before that Corollaries prove the matter that precedes, but that Justifies the Corollaries: He had the notions in his head (jumbled together) about Corollaries, & Postulates; and either could not find what the thing he meant to speak of was, or if he knew that which was the right name to call it by, because (it should seem) it was not in His Furniture. I have been wondring all this while why he said the Author's Preface would serve for a Post-script to the Bishop's book. Now my Dream is over, for I see he understands that a Consequence may Play at leap frog with a Proposition, and that which is a Postulate one may call a Corollary. If

D

this

this World hold; there's hopes we
may baffle the *Irrefragable* *Dilemma*
and the *Master of Subtillties* both
and by.

After some more *Exortations* come
the Author *Trans* says: Having
enabled the Prince (that is) proved his
Affertion by *Corollaries*, dispensed
Conscience, & fitted up a *Moral Religion*
(this is all impertinent now to the
course of an *Argument*) he (the Author)
shews next how much those *moral vertues*
are to be valued; Affirming that it is
necessary Princes should set up a stricter
government over mens *Consciences* & *Per-*
swasions: And that it is less hazardous
to give Liberty to their *Vices*, then to their
Consciences.

Why, this shews only how much
the want of these *Vertues* is to be
valued, not how much they are to
be valued. Thon alwaies proved
I expected to have heard where
would have given us: and if a

should

should have got something by being a
 Condemner. Go on, But for what be-
 longs to the use of their Power (I thought
 you had meant the utility or usefulness
 of it, Exercise of their power (and be-
 whip) then, — if Princes will be re-
 sistant, &c. Come, or else fare mine
 of the Father. — Thou dost not know, but
 spend time, I tell thee friend thou shalt
 no longer time. — Next, he speaks of well-meaning
 men, who says says, may be persuaded
 if they do contrary to what they
 are bid, for all their meaning. In
 conclusion he cites one Corollary more
 to which the Grand Thesis is (says) is
 subordinate. (There are two
 kinds of subordination, one in order to
 Truth, the other, in order to Power.
 You shall not sink thus from being
 bid to what is the order to Power,
 though doing you do so would be in
 order both ways to your profit. The
 Corollary is — If Princes will be re-
 sistant, &c. — the same present, &c.

I say then Bayes does not lay
 down this in order to proving his
 Corollary his Thesis. But all this now
 (as I told you) is impertinent to the
 Canvassing that point where he left
 which is—*The Grand Thesis*. Only
 I have trac'd his long maze of words
 and dodging thus punctually (for
 never intended to make a business of
 Him) to see if I could find how the
 King was glanced at, but perhaps we
 may come to it by and by. In the
 interim he concludes once more, *that*
is the synopsis of Bayes his Divinity; and
the system of his Policy, the Principles of
which, confine upon the Territories of
Malabar.

You have been at it once before as
 a *Refory*; then I pass'd it: now look
 to it self as a *Frontier*. Thou art the
Independent Champion for *Form*
Jurisdiction or *Toleration* (choose you
 which) that ever I knew. Can't you
 let that *Back* alone & we should for-
 get if you'd but told your Tongue

why

why is the *only* thing that is as great
 a *Hindrance* to your Church, as *Hindrance*
 is a *Levinthan* to the *Presbyterians*.

Now comes a great deal of ram-
 bling Invective against *Bayes* for en-
 deavouring to *Catch* his *business* also, as
 (by intangling matter of Conscience with
 the *Magistrates Power*) no body should
 dare to meddle with it. Why if he
 does, that does not concern you, for
 you are far enough from so much as
 handling the *Question*, yet for ought
 I see,

We proceed, *Bayes* being fortified
 (with that *Intanglement*) on one side,
 took himself to be impregnable on the o-
 ther, since His Majesty must needs take it
 kindly that He gave him such an acces-
 sion of Territory, and That what
 That *Bayes* shew'd him He ought to sub-
 mit to His Instructions, lest by vertue of
 Page 271. *Bayes* should not think him-
 self to Govern: For still, this the King
 must take kindly too, or we can't look
 that

that Bayes should assert (by virtue of your inference) to be impregnable on both sides; if that which you say is in Pag. 271. be true, which I don't believe, and shall not make a Journey to look. I suppose the Book is examined for any body that please to fortifie themselves. And so I conclude this with saying that in respect of any words of His which I observe by you set down in this Book (for your Quotation of p. 271. (contrary to your Custom) recites none.) I see no reason for your saying—*The King is the person* (in any indecent way) *intended by Bayes from the beginning.*

Well then we come to what Bayes has said, and something we are sure of. That is, the before repeated Thesis, which is a *Universal Proposition*, and none of them meddle with any particular persons Actions. Therefore it is only to be inquired of such an one whether it be true or no. Under the Title of *unlimited Magistrate* He

He undertakes to *Examine* the Mat-
ter;

And first, he puts off his Cap, and
salutes the Company (as *Tamblers* do
before they begin) excusing himself
by reason of his private fortune and Edu-
cation. Truly, we have not seen ei-
ther over much *Learning* nor *Manners*
yet, (as to the *Education*;) and for your
Fortune I'll look a little further be-
fore I believe 'tis (in earnest) so bad as
you make it. But if thou be'st a poor
Scholar, let's see if there be any hopes
of thy coming to ought that's good
that way. Thou art *Respondent*.
Bayes argues thus.

Princes ought not to forgo that So-
verainity which is absolutely necessary to
Govern. The Sovereignty over mens
Consciences is such. Ergo,

One would think now He should
deny the *Minor*, and let Bayes go on,
and (if he did not know his way)

lose himself: Or else And some *fact*
(ex vi Forma) in the syllogism: not a bit
 of either does He: But first starting
 another Proposition of Bayes's, That no
 Rites or Ceremonies can be esteemed un-
 lawful, unless they tend to Debauch
 men in their Practice or Conceptions of
 the Deity: Upon which Transfers
 (that's not thy business still) that if
 the other be true, no man is (in Ingeni-
 ty) bound to do God that service (which
 we deny to follow too:) but let that
 pass.

To the Grand Argument; which
 we have made such a Grand do-
 bout, and which is or should be the
 Grand Subject and Conquest of this
 Grand Book: instead of Answering the
 turns Opponent: and promising that the
 King has a terrible way of Kicking, and
 will sling you to the Stable door; that
 He knows all is, but that the Priest may
 rite him (fine Language) though to a
 Precipice: Only tells you first, That
 he is confident if Bishop Bramhal were
 alive

alive he would rebuke Bayes for it. Secondly, That no Bishop, nor any of their Chaplains would have Licensed his Book without certain Non-Obstantes. Thirdly, That the King (though they be his Right) does not love to hear of concealed Lands. Whoever can find any more, let them take it for the Discovery.

Now would any one believe that this man had read St. Thomas? Nay, or Jack Seson, or Burgerfidius: why he does not know what Arguing is, He does not so much as Confute him with Not. He onely Imitates the School Master, that when the Child desired to know what was the English of such a word, asked him who wash'd his face. Go Bayes, go, what do you Dispute with a Dirty face?

Now I begin to take him for a Quaker, for as broken & Mystical Logick is a sign of Infallibility, so having none at all, is (in earnest) a sign of a mans
private

private Fortune and Education. Tell
him of Modes, Figures and Syllogisms;
he has a Toleration for that; and will
tell you again, They are all but
Forms invented by Aristotle, who may
have been some Primale or Metropo-
litan Bishop (for ought he knows) un-
der Alexander the Great.

Nay Trans if you leave his Founda-
tion standing thus firm, you may make
an Egrigious Play with the rest of your
Whinny-whannops; but where's the
Plo? So een go thy ways with
thy

Publick Conscience,

Moral Vertue,

Debauchery Tolerated,

Persecution Recommended,

and thy meer, meer

Pushpin Divinity.

So by this, I think you may guess
the Reason why I told you, that
though some are presently Tran-
sposed,

pros'd, we can't perceive their
 Grand Design (by your turning up-
 on). Answered, No, here I am. I
 Hang, furious, Censurable, as a
 Rascal again, is there any more. How
 do you like my White apron? Are you
 to hear? I must take you out by my
 troth: What's your Dance? The Re-
 hearsal Transpos'd. The Blockheads
 don't know it by that name, Madam.
 Play the New Figary. So or But now
 what make you here? Has Christian
 converted you to appear against Me-
 tal Grace? No forsooth, I came on-
 ly to oblige Squire Alpha, and be a
 witness for the Orthodoxy of what
 he says. Your Servant Madam. 'Tis
 well though you spoke Italian, for I
 should never have known you by
 your White apron: And D'ee hear?
 Have a care you come no more in this
 Company: They'll make you leave
 your Samistoma Hovest, to talk like
 Nanna and Pippa; (but I shall not re-
 peat their discourse out of the fa-
 mous Giornate.)

But

But let's see, who have we here?
Juvenal? No, here's none but the
 poor *Threadbare* Verses of his that have
 been *Quotation-worn* (ple count as extra
 as *Trans*) 732 times since *Montaigne's*
Essays. What's here, a third too?

— *Te facimus Fortuna Deam.*

Why this is worse *Rash* than then
 all, besides so *Hal'd in*, and so *Phleg-*
matically apply'd, that I wonder your
Overseers at the the *Lake of Lemane* did
 not correct it. Your right *Topers* now,
 when a friend begins to *Flag* at
 the latter end of a day, use to *Rouse*
 him up again, and cry — *Brother, you*
are not Merry. What did you write this
 Strain by your self all alone?

But let's see, what's next? Oh he
 rails at *Bayes*: Rail on, how he *Prea-*
ches (about *Debauchery Tolerated*) like
 — *Him that a Monk would be,*
Ordains Lucan too. Good *Doctrines*

no doubt, and true, but not as recom-
mended as a Consequence to Two, and
three make five. Ergo, as if I should
tell a man (I name nobody) He ought
not to give all Languages, Jest with
Sacred things, talk Ribaldry, and the
like, because Bayes walk'd amongst
Innocent Men, and Amarillis her Apron
was pure white: Whereas the
reason in truth is, because it is Pro-
phane, Scurrilous, and Simple.

His next Head is Persecution, Re-
commended. Here he compares Bayes
to the Emperor Julian, and Bishops
to Butcher-men in such la-
mentable Threnothriambicks, that you
would think Nineve were going to be
Destroy'd immediately.

Quis talis fando, et quid
Mirmillenum Dolopiumve, &c.
Tempore lachrymis?
But will he as your Children Treat?
What would you give for a Publick
Tooth-

But let's see, who have we next?
Juvenal? No, here's none but two
 poor *Thredbare* Verses of his that have
 been *Quotation-morn* (ple count as exact
 as *Trans*) 732. times since *Manly*
Bays. What's here, a third too?

— *Te facimus Fortuna Deam.*

Why this is worse *Rash* than them
 all, besides so *Hal'd in*, and so *Phleg-*
matically apply'd, that I wonder your
Overseers at the the *Lake of Lemane* did
 not correct it. Your right *Topers* now,
 when a friend begins to *Bag* at
 the latter end of a day, use to *Rouse*
 him up again, and cry — *Brother, you*
are not Merry. What did you write this
 Strain by your self all alone?

But let's see, what's next? Oh he
 rails at *Bays*: Rail on, how he *Prea-*
ches (about *Debauchery Tolerated*) like
 — *Him that a Monk would be*,
Ordains Lucan too. Good *Doctrines*

no doubt, and true, but not as recom-
mended as a Consequence to Two, add
three make five. Ergo, as if I should
tell a man (I name nobody) He ought
not to give ill Languages, Jest with
Sacred things, talk Rhetorick, and the
like, because Bayes walk'd amongst
Innocent Hens, and Amerills hen was
from was pure white: Whereas the
reason in truth is, because it is Pro-
phane, Scurrilous, and Simple.

His next Head is Persecution Re-
commended. Here he compares Bayes
to the Emperor Julian, and Bishops
gate-streets to Butcher-row in such la-
mentable Threnothriambicks, that you
would think Nineve were going to be
Destroy'd immediately.

Quis talis fando, —
Mirmillonum Dolopiarve, &c. —
Temperes & Achymis? —
But will he say your Children Tents?
What would you give for a Publick
Tooth-

Teach demen now: O yearden, and
 Mrs. Obyatts & Parake his wife
 and pluck them out, but let see, what
 Joym does he begin at. I am here
 seen how he (the Author) weighs against
 Trading Combinations: Therefore I
 may say by your Flows, Langers, and
 journe the Turners, Landlords for Bills on
 your shop doors: These are all Trading
 Combinations, and Trans sees no rea-
 son why the Patents concern'd should
 not Mistake as well as He, and think
 them so. But that that most mis-
 me is this, when a man sees a shop
 on a shop dem, he commonly says
 This shop is to be sold. Now how will
 it be a means to destroy Trading, to
 sell people where they may have
 Shops?

But it is no Trading matter he af-
 fures us, for Bayes has taken a List of
 all the Fanatick persons and their peo-
 ple: Why so Trans, by your leave for
 all that are all the Fanatick Mini-
 sters & Traders, & a great many more
 dy

dy that goes to Law or to *Blow* herea-
 after be judg'd a *Faust*? Or is it
 still a *jesting matter*? or no matter at
 all: Since for ought I perceive nei-
 ther you, nor I can very well tell
 what *matter* this can any way be to
 the *other*.

But *Bayes* would expose well mea-
 ning *Zealots* to the *Galley*: That's a
 horrid thing indeed, to condemn
 them all for *Sforzano's* for onely
 — *Poisoning Cardinal Bembo's Cook*.
 For *Travis* his part He seems con-
 demn'd to be transported already: He's
 moving to *Turkey*, *Malta* and *Paris*
Longone to look for *Galley*: I sup-
 pose (if the *Brethren* must row) He
 would find the *Quakers* a Vessel
 which may be call'd the *Joseph* and
Mary: but (for his own part) the
Santa Teresa, or *St. John of Persia*
don will serve him. And if *Bayes*
 and his party will make the *Galley*,
 the King hath already up a Squadron
 and will be oblig'd an Obligation to the Ge-
 neral

neral of them, and (no less) to his
Linscy woolsey Cinema, provided He
 may be call'd *Saint John and Baptist*
Du Tel. For that will be as good as
 a *What cheer?* and gratifie all par-
 ties; both *Father Tráns's* and *Folk*
 of *Leyden's* together.

But I don't like your way of *Festive*
 (if it be so) that follows: Where re-
 membering some sort of people (for it
 is no less) how daring things some of
 their Perswasion have formerly re-
 solv'd, you after intimate *How easie a*
thing it were to Deifie the Divine after
 the ancient manner, and no man (you
 say) be the wiser: Which hint to them
 you pursue with aggravating *Bees*
 his unkindness for them. That He
 frequently sneer's at them in an *Ironical*
manner: That his *Ente-wesses* must
 be of their *Giblets* and their *Heads* in
Handkerchief, and then conclude (as an
 another purpose) *We know your Inclina-*
tion, and we know your Lodging. I
 pass by the rest of the *Declar-*
tion.

tion; for as to *Rigor* and *Cruelty*, I have told you *Mine*, and I presume *Mr. Bayes's* *Abhorrence* of it already. Now for you so much to distrust the good effects your own *Book* may produce: Or, however *set* your *Dogs* at people (you know some are *Heady* enough) and get a man *assassinated* without your own appearing in it, if you can; is such a thing that I am confident your own Party (whoever they be) *scorn* to owe more than their *Liberty* to such an *Expedient*: And I have heard the *Person* we both pretend to serve, hath refused his *Crown* it self when it was *often* offered *Him*, if he would have *permitted* such an *Action*. For my part, I can very hardly forbear running you up here with *Terms* you'd be as loth to bear, as unable to *Disown* that you *Deserve* them. But to something else.

The next passage in you, is that you tell us *this is an Age wherein men*
 can-

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cannot well support their Quality without
some Accession from the Publick. Oh!
are you Begging? I thought I should
smoke you: Is it come to this
truth?

*Subdola tenduntur crassus made in
the Turdis.*

Because you are so good at Trans-
lating *Verbatim*, to shew we can match
you at that too, take it thus,

He wanted Food and Linen: So he
took

Toleration for his Seam-stress, and
his Cook.

And then he crys out like *My*
Harry in *Shakespear*, *My Conscience!*
My Conscience! He has not the Con-
science to see himself want: and
pity he should (while there is any
Monoye de Cordelier) He is so Reli-
gious.

There

There needs little more be said to the rest, the reason why is given already: Only whereas upon the Authors saying, *If a pin be pulled out of the Church, &c.* and mentioning *Pushpin Divinity*, you say you will have a care you don't swallow the pin. The pin (it seems) is in the Church: So we'll ease you of that care, by keeping you from Swallowing Her.

I think I have answered all your *Quidlibet's*; if not, Remember the Thesis, *Tract.* Now does it come in my head that this would make a *Burthen* for a *Song*. Your performance deserves richly to be *Recorded*: 'Tis a *Worth* thing to be, alwaies *Transcribing* other peoples Verses as you do: Troth lets ee'n try once what We can do our selves. Ho! The *Wine-press*. Give me a *Glass of Champagne*. There are more your Book: There are more above 200 pages or so left. But at the *Memorable* of these There

There was a Wight,
And He was no Knight,
And he took Pen in hand,
He writ so well,
He did excell,
Most Quakers in the Land,
He Transpos'd Playes,
And he hop'd that Bayes
He could bring to the Rame

Now hands all.

But I pray remember the Thesis, the
Thesis,
Remember the Thesis Trans.

Is not that very well now ?
I'll be Bayes my self now I think on,
and have it sung next time Love to
Nunnery is Acted.

And now I make account I have
done my business, and completely
answered your Book : There are not
above 100 pages or so left. But af-
ter the Memorable Battel of Thesis,
there's

there's no body needs take any more
notice of any thing you say as pre-
tending to Argue: 'Tis but crying

Huc redi, & mecum contende sub illo.

And therefore henceforth (as it
fell out after the *Chivy-Chase En-
gagement*)

Your Logick must rue that is unborn,

The Bickering of that Day.

So now we'll go on, only to make an
end of Christmas (as they say) and first,
Find you can't forget a *Grudging* till
the cold weather be over, and to shew
us a man need not be idle when he
keeps his Chamber, you give us a
Particular account at large of the *Rise
and Cure* of the *F. Pox*. We don't
doubt but you have *Conversed* with
a *Chirurgion*. But Mr. *Bayes* will see
you recover well before he venture
to follow your *Directions*.

But (say you) To resume the former
 History concerning the Author's Books, He
 has not been considered, nor got no Pre-
 ferment (by writing) for his pains.
 Oh! you would discourage us that
 way from Patronizing this Cause
 any further if you could, would
 you? Why Trans I'll tell thee, for
 my part, whether ever I get any
 thing or no, I will scorn to be in
 Print, and take an occasion when there
 is none to say, Good people, A Gentle-
 man of your side can't well support his
 Quality without some Accession from the
 Publick. And as for the Success his
 Books have: I don't know what suc-
 cess an Argument can have if that be
 none, that they shew themselves
 so d's cunningly as they can to slip
 by, who pretend to answer it. And
 for I think you do. For no great
 Courtesy neither, in repeating no-
 thing of him but his asking what will
 become of the old Plea of Jus Divinum?
 For it is as much as to say, that He
 did

did not go about (which in this respect was his Place) To answer neither, I never saw the Gentleman's book, and so don't determine there is nothing in it more to the purpose he may write for then this Question.

But Trans, I will say something for thee still, though thou hast not done what thou shouldst, that is, Answered; thou hast done what thou couldst. Thou hast chaster'd hideously, and spread thy Tail at the Hawk like thine own Magpie. Thou hast mudded (as thou callest it) the matter with Ink like any Sepia; and (like thy Taylor's Wife) thou hast held up thy Thumb at him in the very Ducking-stool. Thou wastedst nothing but a Good cause, for thou hast sufficiently shew'd a voluble tongue; and mayest pretend still if thou wilt for me, That he were as good a Gentleman as the best of them if her horse would but go.

After this he falls to quoting Seve-

ral passages in the Authors books, to
 shew the Authors Principles ~~thru~~
 one another. He begins about *Ex-*
gistrates power. To this I need only
 keep where I was, and tell you, that
 if the *grand Thesis* stand firm what-
 ever *Consequences* are *legitimately deduc-*
ed from that, are good and ~~true~~,
 whatever become of the rest: and
 that your going about thus to *confound*
 us with a deal of *stuff* that does not be-
 long to the way you should handle
 the Question, is but like *Gipsys* *telling*
 us on with a ramble of words, till we
 have *forgot* our selves at last, and then
 they *pick our pockets.* However to
 please you, to your first whole side of
 Citation, which ends in — *Therefore*
'tis necessary for the security of Govern-
ment, to set bounds to its Jurisdiction.
 I answer, it is *bounded* by being *subor-*
dinate to the will of God; and so I
 believe the *Author* answers too,
 though you found it not so conveni-
 ent (I suppose) to continue on your
quotation till he came to shewing in
 what

what manner he explains himself. Now though that does indeed oblige the *Magistrate* to as *tender a conscience* (as you say) as any of his *Subjects*; yet it does not take away the *Magistrates* power he pleads for, and so you may go *Heep* (as you do) and *Holla* with your rest.

Now comes *Transposal* to be agreed that the Author had said, A Prince that sottishly neglects his Security deserved to Perish like *Sardanapalus*. Whereupon he says, He knows not why a *Prince* should not be willing to enjoy the *Innocent Comforts* of this life, as well as do the *Common Drudgeries*. Truly, nor I neither, nor any *Honest* man else: But how comes this in upon the Author's naming *Sardanapalus*? Was *Sardanapalus* his Sloth and Effeminacy *Innocent Comforts*? Or would you have every Prince enjoy such as were *Sardanapalus's*?

Thou

Thou dost meanly aim now at making some poor and wretched Complement. Pie for shame, shew this in Print what you would condescend to do (if any body would employ you) rather then a Gentleman should want from the Publick wherewithall to support his Quality!

A But now he must see how matters stand betwixt the Author and His Admirers, (any thing in the World Truce, but undertaking to Answer your self may be safe.) Go to then: His Answer had objected, that Bayes had represented all Tradesmen as Seditious. The Author reply's, He only suppos'd some Tradesmen tainted with Seditious Principles: Truce will shew His mistake: himself, and having quoted those words cry, *Holla Bayes in the 49 page, &c.* You say, no sort of people are so inclinable to seditious practices as the Trading part of a Nation: Upon which he wisely asks, *Is this the same thing*

thing now? No, sure; but says never
was told you he never talked but was
telling all his life, and says to say least

But do these two deserve to be
brought to confront one another as
contraries, or does either confess the
Ascension? What should one talk
further to a Corollary-maker for? So

in his further Quotations about *Mis-*
graces, power, *Inward Conscience*,

(that's a part word too; I wonder
who invented throwing away Butter
upon basting of fat meat.) Can you

tell me where a man may buy a piece
of Red Scarlet to make a Coat for his
upward back? And the Wednesday

it seems sometimes to leave out
either while so *subjoin* words of the

Authors, that are not, nor never
were intended, as I guess to be *Rele-*

tives to the matter he cites before
or else he will not, or does not under-

stand how that which he represents
for contrary is consistent, as it really is.

Here follows but two leaves and a
half

half of most dissolute and grounded
Invective, that *Railing* is the most ma-
 terial part of Bayes his Religion, his Re-
 son, his Oratory, his Practice, and the ul-
 timate end of all his books. For his
 part, if this be the way of *Trans*, I
 believe it will be a most scandalous
 thing ere long to get a victory.

There is nothing in my way that hinders
 me, and so I may now go on to the Pre-
 face to Bishop Bramhall. I believe the
 Reader has forgot any such thing was
 ever mentioned. You should have
 plac'd your *Tale* page here. Well,
 the King pates out his Declaration of
Indulgence, March the 11th. Upon which
 Bayes felt it to many warm
 and glowing Meditations, which occa-
 sion'd his writing this Preface. First
 here *Trans* brings his Dilemma again.
 You should have mended it thought, or
 got a new one; for take my word this
 has a hurt — in the Fiddle. Next
 he calls Bayes *Incendiary*, *Idle Fellow*.
 (You are a *Shut*, and a *Whit*, and a
 very

very Time.) Give him no more Ale, he shall not have a drop more. But, what Bayes says of His Majesty and the Council (being toward the later end of his Discourse) I am forced to defer that a little, (he defers that which he is not come to) lest there being no method in it, I should be in a perpetual maze, and never know when I am at my Journey's end. Marry that's a provident care indeed for a Mad-man; for thou shewest plainly enough, I think, that thou art in a maze already. He continues; And here I cannot altogether escape the mentioning of *J. O.* again: Is this Going on to the Preface? Dost thou take *J. O.* to be the Preface to *Bishop Bramhall*? Prethee tell me in plain words, and other folks too that never read word of any of your writings, when you come to it with your *Going on*, and say, *Hic incipit the Rehearsal Transposed, or Animadversion upon a late book entitled a Preface, &c.* Now must I run, I see, to *J. O.* and a Garden of Elements, and never know

know but that I also am (in a man
there, and that J. O. may be a Thine,
or a Gardner, or a ~~man~~ knows who
but — *Why this is Lardner's* Funeral
On then Rabbi Harpocrates (the
Author) singles J. O. out, and with
presence runs down all the Non conform-
ists: This being (as he imagined) the sa-
fest way to undermine and blow up the
Majesty's Declaration. If he had run
down His Majesty's Declaration, he had
undermined and blown up all the Non
conformists; but to run down the Non
conformists; I suppose is not to under-
mine or blow up, but to take away
the subject of His Majesty's Declara-
tion.

The next thing in the Garden of
Preface (if they be all one) viz, that
Bayes, you say, undertakes to prove,
that Railing is both lawful and expedient.
Now this you say (but what you say
conscience is telling it) you shall prove
by Scripture, if you shall will to do it
it requires a great Dexterity to do it
won't

But

But why should you make a *conscience* (if any holds it lawful to *raile* to *convince* him by Scripture that it is not ? *Not is it worth ones while to teach him out of other Authors.* What *conscience* him neither way ? Why then it seems if he does hold it *lawful* to *raile*, he may hold it still if he will for *Trans.* What art thou doing ? or what wouldst thou do ? You say you could quote a place *out of my Lord Verulam to his confusion*, why don't you ? It is not that where he distinguishes betwixt *Idola Tribus* and *Idola Specus*, is it ? If it be, you are much in the right for forbearing ; for that would explain to us how, though all your *Tribes* have a large *fatality* at *mistakes* and *railing* ; yet you may have an extraordinary gift that way beyond them all, and a particular way by your self. Now this comes of your trying I knowe what I knowe. Therefore pray next time either tell it down right what you would be at, or else *no* I had suppose the whole *Play*.

But

But I must shorten a little, and not take notice of every thing; our tender consideration (by what I now suffer) of the *patience* and *pains* of my gentle Reader: Otherwise it would be a *shorter Penance* to injoy the reading of the whole Book of *Acarys*; then this, of such a *one Martyr*, as it were an easie thing in every line almost to make of you.

But now you will take a walk in the Garden, and gather some of Bayes's flowers: I would not advise you to smell on them though, for they are all *Roses*, and grow upon that that may chance prick your nostrils, mark else. The first you observe, is that Bayes says, *Several of the Non-conformists themselves, if a Chimney but take fire in the City, are immediately crying Jesuits and Firebats*: To which you Reply, *I understand you, Sir. Why does Bayes suspect you to be a Jesuit?* He assure you I only suspect there is one
that

that may be of that *Religion*, that is
a Convent. I don't desire to reflect
upon any *Societies* of men. It is not
just nor civil, and besides *foreign* to my
Matter, and therefore I would not
be so *understood*; but, else the World
may *distinguish* if they please be-
twixt some of that *Order*, that de-
serve esteem upon the true account
of their *Wit*; and others (if you be
one) that have nothing to shew but a
troublesome Industry, and their being
indeed—*Indefatigable Brambles*. So
walk on: And next you seem very
tender that the people should cry out
Jesuits and Popish plots upon accidents:
and I say too, God forbid that any
man (be he of what *Religion* soever)
should be accused wrongfully: But
as for any course I see you take to
make *folks* wiser, you had better (in
my opinion) have passed this *Flower*
by, but perhaps you *could not*. But
whereas you say next (speaking to
the Author) *Take heed the Reasons*
which sparkle in your your Discourse have

not set their Chimneys on fire. I must observe, this is something that is darkly said, and seems to intimate more then my Skill dares attempt the explaining.

After this you say, *Sacrian Books* sell as openly as the Bible. Since you are so well versed amongst the *Booksellers*, Pray what's the price of an *Answer* that contains only a *Question*? What ne'r a word? What time of day is it? Nor that neither. Why, you have not forsworn ever making an *Answer* to any thing again have you? Thou art just like the fellow, that when he had told the *Senate* he saw *Julia* ascend to Heaven, *Et pro tanto bono Nuntio nemo illi credidisset*, I wote he would never tell any body again for his part, if he saw a man killed in the open *Market place*. However that honest *Gentlemen* may not bear a loss; they may please to know, that I never looked after the *Robinson's Transposed*, till I heard it was come

come to 18d. again. I find it very dear; but if they please to stay a while, I suppose they may have it as long for 2d. or 3d. or a Groat at most.

The next *Flower* we come to, is the *Termination Ism*; Whereupon you take occasion as cunningly as you can under pretence of *Riming* to it, first to shew the Church of England is guilty of *Schism*; and secondly that those who separate from Her are not. You need not have troubled your self about the former, if your Design be only *Toleration* and the latter: For the reasons you bring for this stand upon their own *Bases*, and derive not their Strength from Her Example of having first separated from Rome. But, *Trans*, I smell thee as rank as a Fox; otherwise I could have spared taking notice of the Church of Rome. The Pope is a worthy Prince, and lives in Italy, and may He live and enjoy his health in *Castle Gundolphe*, before ever He begin

begin to disturb him first: But if *Cardinal Chigi* covets *Bansted Mutton*, and *Colchester Oysters*, and can't be contented with *Muscadine and Eggs*, but must have *Mornings Draughts* out of our *Herefordshire Red-streak* and *Kentish Pipins*; in this case I must (like *Frier John*) take up Arms for my *Vineyard*, and if I catch him there (as sure as his *Cap's made of wool*) I'll knock him down with a *Hop-pole*. Therefore pray henceforward let alone my *Mistress*, for if you come to *fooling* with Her, I must hedge my *Bet*, and be revenged (if I can) upon your *Wife*.

But to your Arguments, and first to the *latter*: Your Author Mr. *Hales* divides his Discourse of *Schism* (you say) into two main Branches; The *Cause* of it, and the *Occasion* of it. The *Occasion* he again subdivides, but upon the whole upon this Head he asks, *Who shall be Judge?* Now say we) Let that question be asked

not onely of who gives the occasion
of *Schism*, but of who gives the *Cause*
also; or (if you please) of whether
it be a *Cause* or no. You will per-
haps find no body but the *Magistrate*
is proper Judge of either. Now (to
do you a *Courtesie Trans*) if you think
this very same answer be not a suffi-
cient reason to warrant our *Separati-*
on from *Rome* also, (Reserving still
like you, that I know what I
know) at this time for shortness sake
I will trouble you with no other.
And if you had thought good, I
might have had your mind in as *short*
a compass as I have told you mine.
And so you have indeed (in less then
seven leaves) proved (as you say)
that *Schism* *rimcs* to *Ism*, and just no-
thing else.

Now, for *having undergone this*
grateful Penance (He means done the
meritorious Act) of transcribing these
Citations, He exults and Cackles
like any Hen, that were just come off

her Nest after laying; in so affected a Style and nonfensical Phrases (as *Masculine Truth*, and *Falshood* deformed by *Ornaments*) that his Commendations of Mr. Hales prove more simple, then his Rayling at Bayes; and the whole Speech worse (if worse can be) then that about *Additional Civility*: and when he has done (for fear no body should think he could be such a fool) expressly tells us, He was *Serious*.

Here follows a fond Expression, which it is easie to apprehend the Prefacer used as repeating words of the Persons whom he answered: Yet *Trans* could not make less then a whole side of it; but I shall. Next, *Welcom poor Macedo*: What the *Folk* of that is I don't know.

Next he undertakes the Patronage of *J. D.* whose Quarrel (but a few leaves since) he said *He Interested himself no more in them, if He were*
John

John a Nokes, and *hailed at by John a Stiles*. The meaning was (it seems) He cares not for him as of any Religion, but for him or any body else that will but oppose the Church of England. Now will I *sick* thee here, *Trans*, worse then any where in all my *Book*: For thy business is onely to *Foment* our unhappy *Differences*; and I won't speak one word neither against *F. O.* nor to that *Controversie*.

How simply do you next sneer at such things for *Flowers* as are printed in Books in distinct Characters? Is not your own Book full of them? A man is put to a hard shift for a conceit, if for having it He must Jeer himself: Then you pursue, (for you alwaies run on upon any *scent*) and bring in, telling us the *advantages* Booksellers may set out Books withall, as *fine paper, large fair Letter, Calves Leather Covers, &c.* though this (as it happens) is the onely useful thing

F 4

your

your Book teaches; being very necessary Information for us young Authors, and so truly I thank you Lovingly, and I'll take a Copy of this. But the word he now finds thus marked in the Preface is *Categoricalness*. *Is'm* (it seems) is lost, but there's another Rattle for the Childlike *Sheerness*, *Dongioness*, *Innerness*, and *Cathness*: So he falls a Playing with *Nesses*. Now for all your witty Conceit, this does but come from the *Nesses*, *Tudes* and *Tys* of *Malmsbury* (*Odi Imitatores*) which have this difference: That they were first *His own*, secondly *New*, thirdly *Brief*. But your's are — another Nation of *Tartarians*, as you may see in my *Cutter of Colemanstreet Transpos'd* Pag. the 84th. just at this place.

But in pursuance: *Bayes* having translated *Pease* Gal. 5, &c. into *Peaseableness*; &c. He asks which of the *Systematical German, Geneva, or*
thodox

thodox Divines (Do yo understand him beloved, you that are his *Brethren*? You see he distinguishes you all from the *Orthodox*) *nay of the Sober* (here I'm sure he held his Handkerchief before his face to hide his laughing) *Intelligent, Episcopal Divines* could not (how simple forever you are all) have taught him better then such *Forgery* or *Ignorance* as this? The reason is plain, for we shall but be laid by the heels if we don't keep the *Peace*; butto require *Peaceableness* of us, is to exact our being really good and worthy men; and that's worse then a *Penal Law*.

Here he takes an occasion from the *Day of Judgment's* having been mentioned betwixt *J. O.* and the *Prefacer*, (in which was no occasion to do thus) to talk himself very lightly of it: *Ironically* cites Proofs of it out of what he calls the *Fanatical Book of Martyrs*, and the *Scotch History*. This Discourse takes up two leaves

leaves in him; but I shall prosecute it no further.

Then he comes to Point of Honour, and treats nicely (taking no notice whom he imitates) of the *En: More Quotations out of the Heartful*;

*— They fly, they fly,
Who first did give the lie.*

Truly you are mistaken, they are only gone to dinner.

Next we come to *Symbolicalness*; which you tax the Author for having describ'd in several extravagant fashions: I know not with what Fidelitie you have either collected, or do present them to us. I confess I am no Approver of swelling nor harsh expressions: But whereas you say this *Symbolicalness* is a *flower*, nay a *flower of the Sun*, made at the *Cock* or *Nags-head*; I say 'tis pity neither of those

those houses had the Sun for their
Sign, that you might have been i'th
right. But having not, I can see lit-
tle but that if it be a *flower of the Sun*,
it is the strangest of the kind that
ever the Sun saw, for it grows upon a
mere *imaginary* or no ground at all.

But Mr. Bayes, or Mr. Thunder, or
Mr. Cartwright, why Mr. Trano, or
Mr. Toleration, or Mr. Ghy Faux, he
is not ashamed to be call'd *Player* by
him that calls *Preaching* *Playing* his
part: and if you call him as many
Names as *Philippus*, *Aureolus*, *Theo-*
phrastus, *Paracelsus*, *Bambast of Hohen-*
heim, he will be still ready to make
an answer to *Satan*, *Lucifer*, *Belzebub*,
Devilthian, *Abaddon*.

Well, we have now seen the last
flower, and so here's an end of the *Gar-*
den I think; we'll suppose it is at
least, *De bene esse*. The next thing
thou tellest us is, that thou hast la-
boured and moil'd like any poor *Phi-*
listin

list in binding up this *Sampson* with his own words, as fast (you say) as such a *Proteus* could be pinion'd. It seems then you begin to perceive he's loose again already. He is so; but the reason (you Goose) is, not because he is *Proteus*, but because your *Cords* were slight ones, and the *Knots* slip. You should have cut off his *Beard*, and have made a *Simarr* of it, and then you had had him sure. Well, but *Trans* fain would, do something though; and let *Bayes* make more or less of it if he can. Why you have been defying him all this while, have you not? Are you resolv'd now you can send no longer, nor prove no longer, nor bind no longer, to threaten him still as you are running away, and part like *Borgio*:

Backward on Golgo many a look he cast,
And through his eyes his sparkling
gaid with anger flam'd.

'Tis true no man can hinder you from knowing what you know, and talking to your self however. Well, *Your business, Abel? Princes have always found the Government over Conscience unsafe and unpracticable.* Oh, are you come? Their Right to such a Government stands firm then after all. Then *Trans*, as for the *unsafeness* of it, if uncontrollable *libertie* prove safe, All's well. But as for its *unpracticableness*, I beg your pardon for that. Would *His Majesty* would please to command me any *harder* matter, if I did not do it, I'd nere answer *Trans* *prosa* more.

This next leaf belongs to *Mrsula*, *Mol Gifford*, and the *Father of Lies*; let them ce'n agree together about *showing* it amongst them.

The *Miscellany* ends in your saying, *Bayes's design was so much too hard for a man, that it would have giddied any*
Goose.

Goose. I never heard so much said
for the Credit of Geese, before. Are
Geese brains so much better *souled*
then, then ours? *Is it not so?*

Let me ask you one question more
if you please, for this seems to hint
something above common observati-
on. Do you every time you find a
knotty place, that is more difficult
then ordinary in *Bayes's Preface*, repair
to some Goose or other to help you an-
swer it? It was proper, and natural
I confess, to associate with Geese
when you were at the *Lake of Lemans*,
and I suspected nothing then because
of the place. And it did not me-
thought look so much like *advising* or
consulting, but odely like *padding* in a
Dish of Tea, or over a Cup of *Cof-
fee* together. But is it not rather to
prepare an *excuse* for your self against
you have occasion, that you make this
Comparison? by which you may
make a *Grand Theft* for your self too,
to wit, That a Goose is the ablest man.

From

From whence you may deduce *Corollaries* at pleasure, and (if any bodie excepts against what you say) prove 'tis *irrefragable*, and all perfect *Transposal*; because no *Goose* could have done it better. Nay then I'll help you a little, but it must be by a Quibble: You know I have one with you; you owe me *Colossian Church*: So now take one of mine, and then haply we may continue to trade on by Bill of Exchange hereafter. Why the business is, I think, You say nothing to the *Profacers* worth a rush; besides, your book has a puzzling Title: therefore now you have proved a *Goose* is the wisest and most solid thing, I would have you talk no more of a *Rehearsal Transpos'd*, or go to oppose *Animadversions to a late Book*, &c. but an *Answer*,

Since though she but hiss, and we care
understand her;
Yet still you'll have giv'n him a *Goose* for
his Gander.

If

If this (*strictly speaking*) be no Quibble, but a *Pan* now; excuse me, for you understand these things better than I: but I am sure its no *Corollary*.

Now we will pass to the Point you pretend to be most Zealous for, you say pag. 209. That some of the Nonconformists under the name of *Symbolical Ceremonies*, dispute the Lawfulness of those which are by our Church enjoined; whereby (now mark) say you) They can only intend that these Ceremonies are so applyed, as if they were of a *Sacramental Nature and Institution*, and that therefore they are unlawful. You add further, that the *Auchin Answerer* (handling this Place) makes use of a Pertinent passage in St. *Austins* *Signa, cum ad res divinas pertinent, Sacramenta vocantur*. I don't intend to meddle with any body but your self, for I will not make more holes then I mend: (Possibly the other Noncon-

formists

formists and we may come to agree
 kindly together for all this.) But *Trans*
 my Foe is thy self; whom you see I
 shrewdly suspect to care for neither
 of us. So then, that which I am
 going to reply to is, your commending
 that passage in St. *Austin* as *Perti-*
nent to the precedent Matter. Take
 notice you have first said, *The Non-*
conformists can onely intend our Cere-
monies are so applied as if they were of a
Sacramental nature: What you mean
 by *Applied*, you explain where you
 say, *This is it they complain of, that*
they are imposed upon them with so high
a Penalty, &c. and by your *Conclufi-*
on; But here I say is their main *Ex-*
ception, that things *Indifferent, &c.*
should be made (by reason of equal Pe-
 nalty with neglect of *Sacraments*)
necessary conditions of Church Communi-
on. So that all the *Nonconformists*
 (in your understanding) go about to
 prove, is onely the unreasonableness
 or unlawfulness of the *Penalty*. And
 you your self acknowledge that our
 G Cere-

Ceremonies are *Indifferent* things.
 Now if after all you commend this
 Text as in order to its proving our
 Ceremonies to be *Sacraments*: You
 give your self the, what ist? Oh,
 —The word no flesh can bear. But if
 you commend it as *pertinent* to prove
 the *Penalty* unlawful, you talk non-
 sense, for it does not at all concern
 Matter of *Penalty*; and so it is nei-
 ther way a *Pertinent*, but an *Imper-
 tinent* passage; and you might as well
 have commended the *Pertinency* of the
 Cover of St. *Auslins* Book. But
 your aim (I see every where) is but
 to keep up the *Fangle* amongst us as
 long as you can, and (it seems) we
 are not a little distracted already;
 For there are two Books (which I
 am now writing) come out against
 you; and the second finds fault
 with the first: And if there be e're
 an addle Headed fellow to follow
 this, ten to one but he picks one hole
 or another in us all Three; but men
 of sense sure will have more wit,
 and

and if they do write, mind their *Bu-
siness*. I am come now where the
Quotation I meet is certainly one of
the *Serius Virgiliana* you speak of, for
your own self

— *Cum Lat. sustineat, & tanta
Negotia solus*;

for thou seest I leave all (and will)
upon my own back. But I must
take notice now of your *Apologi-
zing* here (as several times you have
done before) for your so often
speaking *Latine*. You being now
(forsooth) *ce'n hardned* in it. I must
tell you I have sometimes heard men
speak *Latine Pedantically*, but you ex-
cuse yours so *affectedly*, that I must
say you are the first that ever I saw
Pedantically decline speaking it. If
your *Latine Citations* are *pertinent*,
they need not be *excused*; if they are
not, they can't be. So pray trouble
us no more like my *Lady would be*, with
— *My breeding hath not been so course* —

Ceremonies are *Indifferent* things.
 Now if after all you commend this
 Text as in order to its proving our
 Ceremonies to be *Sacraments*: You
 give your self the, what ist? Oh,
 —The word no flesh can bear. But if
 you commend it as *pertinent* to prove
 the *Penalty* unlawful, you talk non-
 sense, for it does not at all concern
 Matter of *Penalty*; and so it is nei-
 ther way a *Pertinent*, but an *Impertinent*
passage; and you might as well
 have commended the *Pertinency* of the
 Cover of St. *Anslins* Book. But
 your aim (I see every where) is but
 to keep up the *Fangle* amongst us as
 long as you can, and (it seems) we
 are not a little distracted already;
 For there are two Books (while I
 am now writing) come out against
 you; and the second finds fault
 with the first: And if there be e're
 an addle Headed fellow to follow
 this, ten to one but he picks one hole
 or another in us all Three; but men
 of sense sure will have more wit,
 and

and if they do write, mind their *Business*. I am come now where the Quotation I meet is certainly one of the *Series Virgiliana* you speak of, for your own self.

— *Cum Lat. sustineas, & tanta
Negotia solus;*

for thou seest I leave all (and will) upon thy own back. But I must take notice now of your *Apologizing* here (as several times you have done before) for your so often speaking *Latine*. You being now (forsooth) *ee'n hardned* in it. I must tell you I have sometimes heard men speak *Latine Pedantically*, but you ex-
tend yours so *affectedly*, that I must say you are the first that ever I saw *Pedantically* decline speaking it. If your *Latine Citations* are *pertinent*, they need not be *excused*; if they are not, they can't be. So pray trouble us no more like my Lady would be, with
— *My breeding hath not been so coarse* —

To offend with Persinacy, (we do believe it) — You may believe it, &c. for Latine or no Latine you're like to get but little here; besides, The Plot stands still, and the Grand Thesis is all the while you are Courtesying, taking ^{your} pleasure near Lambeth in a Gaudalo.

This ramble of yours ends in the Author's knowing it is not always safe nor Honourable to be of a Father's Opinion. You don't mean to bring your Proofs out of St. Thomas, or St. Austin do you?

I shall not speak a word (except I please) about their Controversie, who affect in their Worship a simplicity free from all External Circumstances, but such as are Natural or Customary, which I am now come to,

Nempe superba manet Babylon spolianda Trophæis.

If you can find any thing formerly said that touches them, either by Implication or Consequence, much good do you: And so you may take me for one of them my self, if you please, I am sure you are not that say, *they foul St. Austin with their Thumbs*, &c. And so I skip both good, bad, and indifferent from this place to your Citation out of *Bishop Branch*, whose *Ashes* (by your leave) shall not be Consecrated in the *Form* you do it: As if *That which he saw in matter of Doctrine, he would not see in matter of Discipline*: No certainly, nor He could not, except his Name had been *Cinna*.

Quod non est Cinna videtur potest.

At last, you wish the Author may not prove *An accursed Bay Tree*: And He wishes that you may not turn to a *Huge Elephant*, that — I hope there's no danger.

- You are deadly silly in your next
 Paragraph in Our Church (you say) do
 piously declare, that Kneeling at the Lords
 Supper is not for Advancement of those Ele-
 ments, and so of the other Ceremonies, &c.
 But the Romanists (this is your Roman
 Empire too, Traas) that comes in as
 often as you will (and so from whence
 we have them) (who have Wine from
 the Candel, and Plums from Earth)
 and who said of old, we would come to feed
 of their meat, as well as eat of their Por-
 ridge, (Oh) This is the Alienation be-
 like, that you like a Minor Prophet un-
 der the old, said, You think God has for-
 nish'd by what means he will, effectually
 offer us here many a fair distinction and
 Declaration in very weighty matters:
 To which nevertheless the Conscience of
 our Church hath not complied. And
 thus on. Now I think it is plain
 enough whose cause you are Plead-
 ing, but I will not bind you in such
 words as you bound the Puritans: for
 I see well enough what hole you will
 stop

slip out at, if I should charge you here
 too *home*. You will but cry like
Falstaff, (when the Prince asked him
 if he had said he was a *Sneak-Cup*).
Did I Bardol? You can't *deny*, but you
 will own nothing. Wherefore pas-
 sing the rest of your Good mor-
 row's (which are as many as you
 could tell how to sum up) I come
 to the end, where you innocently con-
 clude; *Which things I do thus sparing-
 ly set down, only to shew the Danger of
 Inventive Piety.*

Why truly, *Trans*, and I will be
 very civil to you, and (since you
 say that's your sole reason) I will not
 deny it. But then I expect you
 should be so civil to me as to ac-
 knowledge that I (neither) do not
 present, and hint these things as ab-
 solutely *concluding* that you are nei-
 ther *Roman Catholick*, or *Jesuite*, or
Design Popery; but only to shew
 the danger there may possibly be, of
 being wheedled and over-reached,

and cheated under many a mans pre-
tending to be *Consciencious*, one
against *Cruelty*, and for a *Brotherly*
and *Christian Tenderneſs* to one ano-
ther.

To your long buſineſs about the
Clause to the *Wednesday Act*, and
binding the *Conſcience* or no, I an-
ſwer, it does not *bind* as Gods *im-
mediate* commands do, but it does as He
commands us to obey the *Magiſtrate*,
who hath power to injoyne it.

But I find my ſelf run into a
World of *Seriouſneſs*; who (as I am a
Virgin) never intended at firſt to
meddle with any thing of you but
that which thou would'ſt have us
take to be *Wiſe*: But when I find you
come to forget: *Play with me, but
hurt me not: Feſt with me, but ſhame me
not*. You ſee what a troubleſome Al-
teration you have brought upon the
Company: You might have writ
Plays, Governed the *Coffeehouſe*, drunk
your

your Glass of Wine; nay, more too,
and I had not contradicted you:
But if you must needs talk of Consci-
ence, cry Conformists have Bull's-heads,
and Nonconformists Dirty Thumbs, and
tire a body's heart out with a Bram-
ble, and the Lake of Lemans: Why
is as bad as giving us the *Que disex-*
pons? And I must cry then, Bro-
ther George hold my Band; and At you,
if you were as big as Paul's Steeple.

Now I begin to grow sick again,
for I am looking to see what's next
in thy book. Well, I will not put
my self out of humour any more, if
troppo imperfetta natura can possibly
bear it. Mr. Bayes his Hiccough:
Well said; hast thou any skill in
that? I cannot tell certainly, though I
have a shrewd guess what is the cause of
it: He'l poison him by Heaven. You
are just as good a Doctor as the Far-
rier turn'd Physician. Why, is the
Circulation of the Hypochondria into
the Brain, the *asus partium* of Ma-
Hales's

Hales's cleave head, and prepared breast,
 and the Receptacle of Grace or Conscience
 in the Anatomical Dissection, come
 to this? Must he be put in a pit-belly
 & have his Ashes consecrated, & all for
 the Hiccough? Where's the Nephew
 you kept so close in my L. Baccus
 nor a miracle in *vinis Sancti Patricii*
 or *Pallus* to turn him into a Banquet
 (smelling to Bread) cures *swallowing*
 to help the Hiccough? See, see, good
 now: May be Spirit of Symbolicalness, or
assa fatida, may bring him again. No
 remedy? Well, I've besworn you killed
 him: He could never have died of
 this, but that you broke his heart
 with answering his Thesis. But since
 he is gone, Farewell, poor Matthew:
 Let's see what he has left behind
 him — This is the Tap-lash of what he
 said page 110. How? Sure you mis-
 take: Every body gives Burn'd wine
 at Funerals. — When the Civil Magis-
 trate takes upon him to determine any
 particular Form, &c. What dost
 thou tell me (like *Moses*) — *Turkey*
Carpenter

Carpet's mine, is pag. 108. pag. 441. pag. 461. and pag. 462. a true *Inventory*? Why, here's nothing bequeath'd but the dominion over the significations of words, and the King is sole *Executor*. Come, *Treat*, the truth of it is, He does but make fools of us both all this while; and I pity thee most, because thou dost not understand it. Does not the King go in *Masquerade* sometimes? and is not he then a *Turk*, or a *Spaniard*, or *Bishop Bramball*, or what he please? Well, now is it not a great deal more to change a man, than to change a word? Very well, then: why now *this is the main thing*, &c. and that which *Bayes* (on his part) principally insists upon, that because *Masquerade* is in fashion in *Winter*, therefore our *Ceremonies* are not *Symbolical*, and therefore never bear your brains about it: Let *Henry the Fourth* and *Augustus Caesar* alone; for this is a plain *Dilemma*, (and say that I told you) that were a *Papish Independent* not *Systematical Jesuit* of them both

both can answer. You may think upon it; but so much at present for the *Universal language*.

But when he was drawn thus low, did he not think you stand in need of Tilting? A while since your Style was, *This is the raplash of, &c.* and that the *Blam Fahn of Asber*; (for the Kings unhoopable-ness, perhaps the Subject might fairly lead a man to the conceit (without his having ever been a *Bur-ler*, or something near it) if not the expression.) Now you are at *drawn low* and *tilting*: and in all these places it is the very matter of your Phantasie and Invention. The like *vulgar* way of conceit I observe about *Britches*, and *Sint cure*, and several other places. Well, upon all this whatever you are now, I'm sure you give one cause to suspect, you have had formerly but really some private *Fortune and Education*. But still, what manner of wit is there in this? *Bayes* had said the King may desire the significations of
 died
 words:

words : You say, *When he was drawn
about law, &c.* How low ? You and
any body may see his Argument is so
good, that you dare not so much as
cast an eye toward opposing it in ear-
nest. You pour indeed a *floud* of words
upon it, but they have no more life
in them all then so much *Tap-last*, or
(as I should say) then *Dead Beer*. But
He had better have laid by these *Argu-
mentations*, and imitated the *Deacon, &c.*
Why, you had better have let the
Argumentation alone, except you could
have refuted it better, and not be
altogether *Contemptor fama*, and
thrust your self in at every place that
is not *renewable*. Just like that infor-
tunate Son as *Labienus* ;

290 *— Nuncquam Roma fortuna sine illo
310 Succubuit.*

1100 But the *Deacon* (you say) had been
much more to the purpose then that beaten
Text, *Let all things be done decently and
in order.* Was this the Text he de-
serv'd

for'd *Telling* for bringing: Being you but as good a one, and let them call it *Telling*, or *Brouching*, you will not fear but it will give those their belly-full that go about to swallow it. Therefore pray call it no more *beaten Text*, for it is a *beating Text*, and that every body can see plain enough so long as they are *sober*.

He comes next to — *Ratio ultima Cleri*, and makes a very *pathetical* Speech against *Whipping*: and if there had been any *Isms* or *Nesses* belonging to it, he had done it (I suppose) in *Rime*, and as well as *Tom Triplet* himself. Præthee who defends this *deliberary* part of *Religion*? *Quis unquam Herculem vituperavit*? Who is *Bulby's* Scholar that rails against his Master now? But there are men of a fiery nature, which I know not very well, or perhaps I do know, (and perhaps you don't know; for we will have it if the last word stands) that are sometimes preferred, and come to the Title of Your Grace:

Grace: Why, what an Hebrew Fan-
 art thou to rail all this while against
 the King's giving us the Significations
 of words, and comest now thy self to
 tell us, that that signify's in Latine
Lepta Clematis? Therefore leave
 your prating about a Discerning
 Prince, for He know's what's Latine
 for Your Grace without your telling
 him. But the softness of the Univer-
 sity, the gentleness of Christianity, the
 Fountain's warbling at Rosamond's
 Well, and The Winds whispering
 (since he was born) at Shot-over, and
 The Universal Bridal of Nature (in
 which he was Nurtured,) should have
 softened him. *Ponite ante oculos*: I do
 not ask onely (Harry) where thou spendest
 thy time, but also in what Company?
 For though the Canonial, &c. well:

*Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite
 Graec.*

For my part, He hath absolutely
 melted my heart, and I could e'en
 weep

weep at so Uncomfortable an Importance,
like Sir Roger, for hard Abigail, or
Mr. Tall-boy for Mrs. Bridges.

And you Mr. Bayes, had you lived in
the dayes of Augustus Cæsar: (what
if he had lived in the dayes of Augu-
stus Cæsar, He would not have been
an old man by this time, would He?)
Would not you have made an Excellent
Privy Counsellor? Is that it? Troth
Trans this is a point indeed I never
knew before: Would I had liv'd then
too my self, if people for living in
Augustus Cæsar's days, must needs be
Privy Counsellor's. But Henry the
Fourth took other measures of Govern-
ment, and accordingly it succeeded with
him. (I doubt you forget your self
here Trans) and His Majesty (in probabi-
lity) will not be so forward to hearken to
Bayes his advice, as to follow their Ex-
ample: How? Follow Henry the
Fourth his Example? I am no Law-
yer to know what it is, or else I
should here cry out Treason.

But

But Kings have a shrewd understanding, and so do not think fit to require any thing of their Subjects that is impossible; (Marry that's a shrewd sign of a shrewd understanding, to think nothing fit that is impossible) and are fain upon all occasions to give the people good words, (would you would learn that Quality.) Then observe how the Parliament of Poland will be their Kings Taylor; (but they) have much ado to take measure of an unlimited Magistrate.) But though a certain Queen sat down naked upon the Snow, Kings do not approve the Example: (No sure, a bottle of Wine in Ice is better behalfe.) And you now Mr. Hayes will think these and a hundred more which I could tell you, (what a deal of r-r-r is in thy poor Noddle?) idle Stories; and yet Kings can tell how to make use of 'em. Why then you are no good Subject that you don't tell 'em all; The King ought to be informed of all that conduces to Publick Good. H And

And hence it is, that in stead of at-
 taining your unhoopable Jurisdiction
 (Why, is all the difference betwixt
 Kings and their Subjects that they are
 Tons of Heidebergh, and these but Pe-
 negar barrels?) the greater their Por-
 tune is, they are content to use the less
 Extravagancy. Oh horrible! Did
 you ever hear the like? To conclude
 all this Categorical, Mechanical, Political,
 Apodictical Speech with intimating,
 That Kings are a Company of Extra-
 vagant men, onely The greater their
 power is, they are content to use (for-
 sooth) the less Extravagancy.

The next Peroration says, that the Pope
 grants the weak a Dispensation from Lent
 and Fasting-days; Ay, and many a thing
 that strikes deeper in his Religion. And
 would you have us do as the Pope
 does? You know we have our Ceremo-
 nies from the Romanists, be careful what
 you do. You are damnd without reme-
 dy if you conform to them.

But

But where comes the pleasantest thing certainly that ever was pen'd: He says, It would almost Tempt a Prince that is Curious, & pretty well settled, to try (for Experiment) whether the pulling one of these Pins out of the Church would make the Scope Tatter or no. I will not say when our Saviour was Tempred to fall down and Worship upon promise of all the Kingdoms in the World, it had been a good Experiment to have try'd and seen whether the Performer would have been as good as his word. But I am sure it would bring little Credit to Philosophers, if because some Physicians affirm, that a person enecuted may be recovered to life again, so he ben't quite sold. I say if any Virtuoso should Hang himself to Try. But if you are for these kind of Experiments in earnest now, I wish you may never have a worse Doffen afterwards, then he that cur'd the *afforough*.

But Mr. Bayes, ~~there is more in it;~~
 'tis matter of conscience: Well remem-
 ber'd; and in troth this conscience I
 fear'd I should have heard no more
 on't, for we have not had so in
 our thought methinks a great while.
 Why the argument for ~~conscience~~
 to Conscience is a ~~fortiori~~. If the
 King never minds what ~~T~~ says;
 and Lords keep off their very Hats
 but to save a new Periwig; Will the
 Clergie only, ~~Or~~ I tell thee they
 will, they will, ~~Trans~~, and therefore
 thou hadst as good put up thy Pipes
 and say nothing to them.

But, I say Princes (so far as they
 take the height of things so far above
 me) why, thou canst not; they are
 Objects neither for a Telescope nor Mi-
 croscope) must needs have other thoughts.
 Why, and they may have the same
 too for all the ~~Ench~~ you pretend to.
 Yet now he comes to tell us what
 they think; That God might have gi-

and their other kind of *Patron* for their
Subjects, and have made them *Supreme*
Graziers. A *Supreme Grazer* (by the
 way) *Friend* is *Nonsense*; for a *Gra-*
zier is not a *Grazier* of *Graziers*, nor a
Shepherd a *Shepherd* of *Shepherds*; well,
 but what do *Kings* think? I'll be a
Tart for once, and expect *Revelations*
 from a man that's mad.) That in case
 their *Subjects* had been all *Beasts*, the
 leniency of that *Brutal Magistracy* might
 have been more secure. First, questi-
 onless no *King* in the world ever had
 so *Flowing a Head* as to *Philosophize*
 upon this *Notion*. And secondly,
 to think that one *Man* amongst a
 whole *Country* of *Beasts*, wild and
 tame, should be more secure for be-
 ing *lazy*. I'll be a *Christian* again,
 for I can't believe it.

But I am come now to the ingeni-
 oustest Argument for *Toleration* in all
 thy book; *The Body is in the power of*
the Mind, so that corporal punishments
 do never reach the offender, but the In-
 nocent

innocent suffers for the guilty. This is a
kind of Transposal of the Ballad of
the Colchester Quaker, where

Lay what you can
Of Brother Greens outward man,
The Saint is undisfected.

Why in this case (because I confess I
can't answer it) I'll et'n flink at o-
ther side the Hedge once like you, and
oppose thus; *Anima caesaque est quisque*
Now if Bayes onely falls upon your
bones, he may claw you and saw you,
and rub you and sub you, till heart
ake, and you can't complain he's ei-
ther of a fiery nature, or for sanguinary
councils, or that he so much as ever
touch'd you; and so you may take
the — *Non quod odio habeam, sed quod*
amem, (at any time) with a Spartan
Resolution.

But now to Case of conscience a-
gain. You say the Non conformists
say, that they are bound in conscience to

as far as they can, and for the rest;
 to suffer to the utmost. You add pre-
 sently, They mean honestly; and on my
 word 'tis well you do so, for these
 words in terminis may mean any
 thing. But Kings have Royal Under-
 standings, and Gentlemens Memories:
 No doubt of it, and may they long
 be preserv'd, I say, and neither of
 them ever destroy the other.

Next comes a wise Descant upon
 Queen Elizabeths days, and a long
 Citation out of Bishop Parker. Thou
 hadst better have left out some of it,
 and told us what my Lord Bacon said:
 There had been a great deal less re-
 deousness in a little of one and a lit-
 tle of t'other, and how little soever
 that could have prov'd, I dare say,
 they would have been both equally
 to the purpose.

But now, were the Application;
 These words do run so directly against the
 Genius of some men. Ay, of all that

love most and sweetest &c. Here he does relate how the Church of Rome brought in by Degrees innumerable burthensome, and useles Ceremonies; (to do him right) he seems to tax Her for it; but for all this, for my part, *Mulieri ne credas, ne mortuus quidem*. So he very gravely cryd, The English Clergy have been the most eminent for Divinity and Piety since the Reformation; yet otherwise he laughs both at that and them, and says Printing has brought more mischief to Discipline, then all their Doctrine can make a mends for, &c. But let me keep on in humor. ('Tis having a care of my self, I am troubled with the Spleen.) Bayes he says has got the Philosopher's Stone for Rayling! Well, if there be one Philosopher's Stone for Gold, and another for Rayling, would I had them both. But he has taken all the Posts of Rayling. The Posts of Rayling? Why, he never confuted you with a Gudge, did he? but he has bought up all the Ammunition of Rayling, and searched every Corner of
the

the Bible and Don Quixot for Powder.
 The Prophanest wretch alive would
 but have said, he had *sak'd Hell and*
him d the Devil for it. But to make
 the *Bible* a *Magazin* of the the same
 Ammunition with *Don Quixot*, can e-
 vince nothing in the Earth, but your
 old pretensions, and shew the World
 (as you say) *There's more int, 'tis mat-*
ter of Conscience that you write for.

I am come now to your handling
Bayes his Grounds for *Poor* and *Je-*
lousies, or (which it seems you less
 start at) his *likelyhood* or *danger* of
 the Return of *Papery*. Though you have
 been bountiful, and given *Bayes* three
 Names, I see you are clearly for
 taking away these four words. Thou
 art in as sad a case about *Papery*, as
 the *King* and *no King*: If those words
Brother and *Sister* were but away,
 you two might make a *Match*. I
 won't much meddle with disturbing
 your *Nuptials*, but let's see what
 Sport shall we have at the Weddings

— *Un sinistre Accident* & That's Omb
nious, and a Couple of smutty
French Verses upon it: Is this your
best *Epithetum*? I doubt that may
be as Ominous too, for since you will
have them Translated, I think they
may be properer (then your way)
done thus: wad bus pichard sig bly

*Un sinistre accident, Un Accident
sinistre.*

That she should prove a Wench, a
Nonconformist calls a Sister.
Good morrow, Mr. Bridegroom, Good
morrow.

But as soon as Married, but pre-
sently grows Jealous, but of what
think you? Why lest any body
should think Popery is designed in-
deed, whereupon he falls to taking
a World of pains to clear the Point.
Take heed you Granam's —
had a notable saying, That Jealousy
is a sign of Love. And there was
one told me, that when Epictetus lived
his

his Gown with Fox-skin, He charg'd
the Taylor not to let so much as one
hair of it be seen on the out-side,
for that (quoth he) would spoil all.

But you us'd to haunt the *Ordinary*:
Come away then, a Merry Tale is
worth all: You us'd to haunt the
Ordinary, and you play'd at *Piscquet*
— *Peeceet*. ('Twas done like a Gentle-
man; and I think it very material
that you omitted not to inform us
thus particularly.) A Gentleman of
the Robe us'd to *go something* with
you, and *look'd in your hand*. In
fine, you lost your Money; and so
you imagine He gave the *Sign*. To
see what a case you were in when
you had lost your Money! You su-
spected your friends when you had
none *near you*. Now do I believe
rather the Gentleman was your
friend; and onely look'd in your
hand (as we do) to see if you did not
Oversee, and Play a *Knave* when you
should Play a *King*. However
would

would you forsake the Church for this? You should rather have forsok the Ordinary; for 'tis a senseless thing for being angry with the Royal Game of Picquet, to turn Nonconformist, and Play at Knave out of Doors.

But there was one that robb'd folks near Hampton Court in a Bishops Habit. Prethee Trans:

— *N'a il pas a Paris des Filsux
Es de Mine, & de Taille aussi bonne
que vous?*

Can the Clergy help that? or wouldst thou have us all strip our selves naked, and sit down in the Snow; lest if we wear any Cloaths Thieves should learn what Habits to Rob in?

Next comes a long Story of Dr. Sibthorp, nor a word to the purpose; for Bayes his Doctrine (if you would please to understand it) is not the same with His, nor Manwaring's neither.

ther. But thou art more refractory than *Dante Phari*, that would not understand the Count when he spoke Spanish; and if I could speak any, I would tell you so in Spanish; *Car vous ne pouvez entendre plane Anglaise.*

Then follows a matter of Eleven leaves more about meer *Ragione del non Stato*. How shall I do to crowd in all into five lines? or rather, how shall I do to finish five good ones out on't? Here's *Amunition* good store if you talk of *Amunition*: But 'tis all of *Rusty Murtrons*, old *Bow's* and *Tar-gets*. On *His late Majesty* (he says) though a *Prince of Exquisite understanding* in-joy'd but an *Imaginary absolute Govern-ment*, and but by the *Bishops Affigement* neither Here

No body was importunate, but the Author was Courteous.

The present Clergymen have had (some of them) *Private Meetings* (he knows not whether in *Grubstreet* or no)

no) with the Divines of the other Party,
 promising to lay by all *Manifestos* (you
 must suppose they went in Coaches
 then; for he told you before, these
 were the men that would never step
 one step, but to run things up to Ex-
 tremity's.) Yet after, (to shew how
 sincere are a thing those endeavours of
 Reconcilement; were he says, His
 Majesty gave Commission under the
 Great Seal for a Conference between
 the two parties, to prepare things for an
 Accommodation. I have much ado to
 restrain *Troppo imperfetta natura*, and
 can vail no further this Speech of
Spes of Amicus. What does not he
 scape up? Commends none for be-
 ing in the Right upon a Debate, but
 blames all when any are in the
 wrong. Cries they prefer'd *Mon-
 archie* for giving the King all; after
 accuses them for the persons that
 constantly obstruct the Kings *Parlia-
 mentary Supplies*. I am weary on't:
 Let's see, I hope our sport is not at
 an end, I'de faine have a little
 (on more

more of t'other. Well, I know a Lady
 dy that would not have been Larkney child
 for Swearing, because she said it showed
 courage, and his acknowledgements of a
 Deity. By such a way as this Bayle
 vindicates himself, and shows he is
 no Atheist. Puh, this is no Jest:
 this is Abomination. I know a Lady
 shall dispute the business with you
 and your Lady too, and that's Ma-
 dam Mrs. Sale.

But thou art grown very dull;
 Trans, (I observe) of late; thou hast
 not met the Parson again since at the
 Ordinary, hast thou? There was a jo-
 vial Fryer, that haunted the Card
 makers, (and sure you two could not
 but know one another) that when he
 had lost 30 or 40 pounds, would have
 light a man home at midnight so
 merrily for 3 pence, as if he had won
 both Chaplain, Preface, and all the
 Books in England. Bear up, Man;
 I'll speak to Mr. Dryden, and he shall
 help thee to a Comrade that's an Ar-
 tist

lift against the next time, and you
two shall — Top upon 'em.

Or is it upon any other score that
thou art thus down? Why if there
be *Fears* and *Jealousies* of *Papery*,
there's nobody will take thee for *Bel-
larmine*, *Wager* distinguishes (you
know) betwixt the *Wealth* and the
Phanaticke, and so he'll do too be-
twixt the *Wit* and the *Papist*; and if
there be never so many *Penal Acts*,
there's nobody will meddle with *Paul*
the simple; Besides, who can accuse
you for either *Preacher* or *Disputant*?
The most they can make of thee is
but a *Nutcracker*, for thou dost indeed
wont it *pro patria* sufficiently. But
still that *Quality* is Sacred, and
therefore do you but onely (as they
say at *Norwicke*) *Plead you Rogue as I bid*
you, and I warrant thee come off *jura*
gentium.
Wherefore, since we are now so
near, let's pass *Rubicon* merrily: for
though

though *Moses* dissuaded *Caesar*, yet He does not hinder any of us : and if it were the *Hellepont*, I hope one might go drink a Pot with *Parthenope* after so long a Journey.

Well, I have lookt to the End, & see it's in vain to spur, for thou art quite tired, and settest (in a kind of a hard *Error*) to give us solemnly the *Reasons* that occasioned thy Writing. Why *Trans* you must know that we take ourselves to have very good reason to suspect that you writ this Book, but one *Reason*, and that is, for a Reason that was *Given* you. For it seems to me (thou goest on so lumpishly every where) that thou wert meerly dragg'd to't, after a much wiser man (as I am inform'd) had refused the *Employment*. But *Madam D'Olonne* could not refuse *Page* when his Letter argued from so undeniable a Maxim as 1000 *Pistols*; and so you condescended at last to talk of *Kings and Princes*, notwithstanding;

withstanding your *private Fortune* and *Education*, and *Your Thoughts* (as well as *Bayes* his) resolved *which way* to work themselves, when you saw *Arguments* produced for it. That were not merely *symbolical*.

But let's see, what are thy *Reasons*? First, you were *offended* at *Bayes's Arrogant Style*; since there is *nothing* (you say) in it worth his own *taking notice of*. Why, *Trans*, this is the *strangest Reason* that ever I heard, that it should be pity that a man that writes simply should be so fond as to *like* his work: I should think rather 'twere pity but he should be condemn'd for his pains to the *stupidity* of never knowing what an *Ass* he had made himself. So that you and I differ clearly (though we are both (I see) *Tender-hearted*) in application of our *Charity*; For in your case now I am content you should think you have done very well still.

Next

Next, His infinite Tautology was but the same: Marry come up. A small Tome then about Bishop Bramhall, a Manual of the Letters of the Alphabet, a Parenthesis of seven sides out of Mr. Hales, the old Legend (twice over) of Austin the Monk, and the Novel's of Sibthorp and Manwaring, and Manwaring and Sibthorp, I warrant Tire nobody. Why thy whole Book consists of nothing but Long Dislike; though I believe thou wouldst make any man glad of a Seat upon hearing but a Dissector of thine: Nay thou canst do it in less compass than Impudent Modesty.

Your Third reason, is your Exception against him, because *All the Variety of his Treat is Pork*. Here thou dost abuse the word *Variety* abominably. Your friend Henry the Fourth would not have pardoned you if you had perswaded him that Chapon Boullie was *Variety*, and *Penne* I a would.

would sooner have sworn by *Stix* when—*By Love's sweetest part Variety she swore.* Then this, if it must be *Converted* into *Conformity* with your understanding; nay thou debauchest the very *Age* too, for thou bringest *Love* it self, which should be a *Divine* thing, and the noblest passion of an *Heraick* mind to meer—*Boar backs Pig hog wilt thou be mine?* When thou offerest to say, *all the Variety of the Treat is Pork.* You talk of *Baptist* miserableness? you are more miserable; for you destroy the very *nation* of *Variety*, and so I don't wonder at your being a *Few*, &c. by *Consequence* being offended with *Pork*.

But you add cunningly—*You know the Story.* Prethee if *Bayes* himself does know it, what's that to us? You have set our mouths a watering, and now you take away the *Meat*: But though we be'n't worthy, methinks you might have had the manners to have told it, that the *King* at least might

might know it ; who you say, Can
make use of all these things. There-
 fore pray out with it, and (since I
 have as great a Concern for the
Ships as you pretend for *Galleys*) if
 you have any more about *Beef* and
Pearson, let's have them too ; for the
Pork and they being digested in a
 convenient *Memorial* together, (but
 I must pen it then, for the Fleet will
 not have *Stowage* enough for the very
 Paper if it be left to thee) possibly
 His Majesty may *make use of it* indeed,
 and find out some *Cheaper* way for
 Victualling the Navy.

After this comes Eight Verses out
 of *Gondibert*. *Treat thee Quoth a ?*
 if ever I Treat thee with *Pork*, I'll
 swear the Hog shall have his Skin
 on: I see shew thee but *Victuals*, and
 thou wilt carry away as much as
 will serve six men in thy *Handker-*
chief. You object Signing (in *Bap-*
tism) with the Cross is made a *necef-*
sary Condition of Church Communion ?

I believe the reason why you are separated in truth is, because no body dares let you come to their *Christning*; and so you understanding the words *Astragon*,

But those that may have more, yet will have less:

Wiser then Nature, make her kindness vain;

to be meant of *Eating*: No marvel if you think his Discourse the better *Scheme of Religion*.

After this he forces himself to talk *Religiously* again: He had almost forgot who he was to be for. On my conscience I might have writ for them as well as thee, but it would have look'd so like *Masculine Truth*, and *Falsheid* deformed by *Ornaments*, that I resolv'd (like a good man) to be for *Feminine Truth*, and set nothing but my own best face upon't to — *win fair Lady*. But having been so

so well paid for his *Gibbelineship*, he gives them one more *Acquittance*, (since the rest will scarce prove a *Discharge*) here at the end of his book for their money. Do, good People; if you have any thing more to be *ingross'd*, or *Petitions* to draw, or need any further *Instructions* how to go on like Fools, here's one that you shall have very fair dealing with: he'll *keep touch*, and receive all you bring him in open Market, though he commit it to never so close a Coffer, or private Till when you are gone.

But now I have done: And a pious end thou hast made, (I'll say that for thee) but no body that hop'd to have a *Reprieve* ever spun out time at last as thou hast done: nay and the *Decorum* on't is, he dies too with an *Exhortation* in his mouth. That people will learn (by his Example) to be *Angry and Merry*. Merry art'st say'st thou? Methinks thou takest more pains then any Horse: Let any man but
look

look and see how hard thou art set. Why since the *Magisterium* of the *Grand Thesis* is gone in *Fume*, thou art come to desire to save but any small matter. Though it would but cure the *Itch*, and so fall'st to trying if thou can'st at least scrue *Bayes* his words to purport, but that he made our Saviour a *Player*. Now *Modo* and *Figure*, *Enthymeme*, *Sorites* and *Corollary*. You shall see how (*best mixt two Stools*) he does it. To put on the person of, &c. is *Induere Personam* (as sure *Trans*, as *Your Grace* is *Vestra Clementia*.) Then comes—*What part did he Play?* How? This is a *Saltus*, (*bona ingenia saltant*;) you should have proceeded with saying *Induere Personam*, was to *Act*; and (if any body believed that) then have ask'd your Question. Come, you had all this out of the Answerer of *Salmafius*; and your way had been to have transcrib'd the whole side again just as it lay: For I see thou can'st not tell how to apply it. Thou wilt

make both all the High Sheriffs
and Embassadors in Christendom Play-
ers, as thou handlest the matter: and
in truth, I believe, though they
should be angry, they can't chuse
but be *merry*, to see how much in the
simplicity of thy heart thou dost it. And
now this last strangling for more
breath is the way thou would'st per-
suade us thou art *Merry*:

At Seneca's broken Pipe and broken
Tabor
In Merriment, Cloane, Dances and
Labour.

Thou hadst much better have let
these after-drops of thy *Manna* alone,
and all thy reasons too, since we
might have possibly took it for some
amends if thou hadst onely told us in
short — *That is all well as I can do.*
Thou shalt see I'll do Politickly
now, and give no reason, except that
I had nothing else to do, and *End* so.
Onely since thou would'st needs be-

(124)

stow a thing like an *Epitaph* upon the
Author, to shew I will not be be-
hindhand with *Apollo* in Courtesie
if you like it, take you this :

*Here lies Transprosal,
That Writ a Book he could not name,
And Answered the Prefacer to Bishop
Bramhall
Without Replying a word.*

*So I pray remember the Thesis, the
Thesis,
Remember the Thesis, Trans.*



F I N I S.

By reason of the Authors being in the Countrey,
these Errata have happened.

Pag. 21. line 16. read, have two husbands, or else
miscarry of his first child. p. 22. l. 12. r. Quibble would
be. p. 25. l. 5. abroad r. aboard. p. 27. l. 23. r. cannot bid. p.
29. l. 7. r. Whose Honor. p. 32. l. 13. r. Out you Rascal. l. 23.
advancement r. advertisement. p. 29. l. 17. r. I did not. p.
96. l. 2. r. St. Thomas. p. 40. l. 4. r. endless fops. l. 2. after Ly-
cantropy add, for he believes himself a wolf; l. 12. r.
Auditors. p. 44. l. 12. after only add, I have heard that
so often, and. p. 91. l. 21. r. Answer. p. 99. l. 21. r. either. p. 101.
l. 21. after cause of it add, O ds S' deins! you have a
shrewd guess, and you can't tell the cause of it. p. 119.
l. 11. furnish r. furnish.